

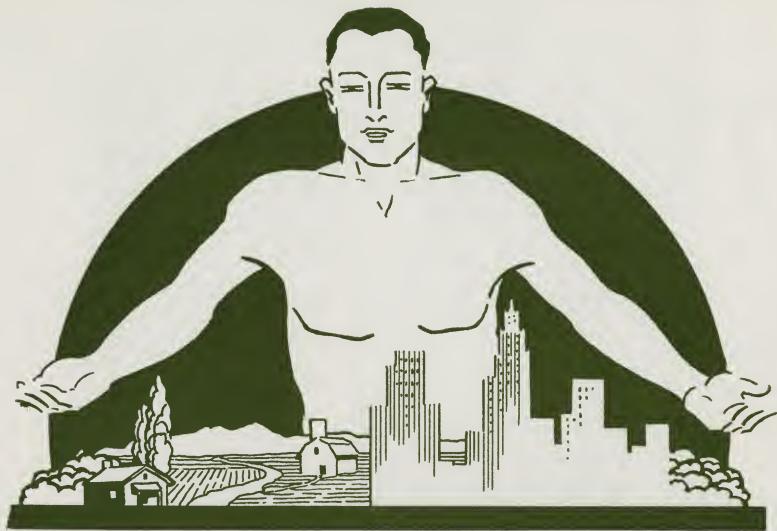
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The Improvement **ERA**

MAY, 1933

VOLUME 36 NUMBER 7

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The Improvement ERA

MAY, 1933
Volume 36, Number 7

Heber J. Grant, *Editor*

Harrison R. Merrill, *Managing Editor*

Elsie Talmage Brandley, *Asso. Editor*

*Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, the Mutual Improvement Associations
and the Department of Education*

FORECAST

ELDER STEPHEN L. RICHARDS, a member of the Council of Twelve, in the June *Improvement Era* will discuss problems of paramount interest to young people who are attempting to adjust their lives to the complex situations in which they find themselves. Elder Richards, an attorney by training, has a clear, terse style which enables him to drive home his ideas.

1 1 1

FRANK C. ROBERTSON, author of more than twenty-five novels and scores of short stories contributes to the June number, "Tobitisi," a story in which Tobitisi, an Indian ne'er-do-well plays an important role. The tale, written especially for *The Improvement Era*, contains the grimness and strength of the regular Robertson story.

1 1 1

OTHER articles and stories as well as an interesting assortment of poetry will be included in the June Conference Number.

1 1 1

YOUR June number will reach you before you come to Conference. It will contain many things you should know before coming.

1 1 1

THE COVER

THE cover this month is intended to give our readers a feeling that spring really is here. Apple blossoms are among the sweetest of the blossoms of May. The cuts were made from actual photographs of a sprig of apple blossoms.

For Every Member of the Family

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"When the Cows Come Home," by Henri Moser

The Heavy Hand on EUROPE

By DR. JOHN A. WIDTSOE

Member of the Council of Twelve

The heavy hand on Europe, according to Dr. John A. Widtsoe, European born but American reared, has five fingers like claws which are squeezing all of the countries. Dr. Widtsoe has a name for each of these five fingers. It is refreshing to turn the tables and read what an American has to say about Europe rather than so much of what Europeans have to say about America and Americans.

Five conditions project like fingers or claws from the depressing hand that clutches and squeezes the countries of Europe. Were these corrected, it would be easier to control the numerous minor conditions, tough muscles of tradition or sensitive nerves of present need, that make the European situation complex and serious.

FIRST, though perhaps of least general importance: Several European countries that occupy the front page of the newspapers do not produce sufficient foodstuffs for their peoples; yet they do not utilize their soil resources completely; and on the lands they do cultivate, grains and other cheap crops are grown instead of the more valuable garden truck, dairy products, and meats. After the great war, which taught the dangers besetting a country unable to feed itself, there were a series of "green risings," extensions, and improved systems of agriculture, in several European countries. Great Britain, however, stood loftily apart from such movements. She clung to the century-old teaching that her destiny makes her the manufacturer of the world, and her foodstuffs purchasable with the products of her factories, thus

making agriculture largely unnecessary. Her agriculture is at a low ebb.

Too many of her high-priced foodstuffs were imported. Too large a proportion of her acres is in pasture—the least profitable crop unless made a part of a careful system of rotation. Denmark and Holland, with no better soils or climate, ship eggs, bacon, milk, butter and cheese to Great Britain. Yet undoubtedly, the lands of Great Britain can be made to produce 75% of the foodstuffs needed by the Nation. Were that done a vast number of British troubles, including much unemployment, would swiftly vanish.

But, Britishers are no longer land-minded. They love the crowded towns, pavements and nearby pubs and cinemas, and prefer the early clang of clogs on the



cobblestone factory path, to the morning song of the lark in the meadow. And, they seem quite willing that large land areas shall lie idle as hunting grounds for the rich and an obsolete aristocracy. Meanwhile, Britain will not be able to solve her present or future economic problems satisfactorily without a more complete and a wiser use of her land resources. For that matter, all the countries of Europe must, in the interest of prosperity, attempt first of all to produce as much as possible of their



necessary foodstuffs. If a surplus can be raised of one crop or another, that may then be used for purposes of trade and barter.

SECOND: The great war also taught, under the pressure of necessity, that every country, instead of a few, can produce manufactured goods. After the war, the lesson having been learned, a mad scramble for foreign trade began. If one country had amassed wealth by manufacturing for foreign countries, another could do so. Every country built factories of all sorts, entered all markets, and fought for commercial supremacy. Of course, more was produced than the world could consume. Great new factories have been obliged to reduce their turnout; unemployment has resulted. Invariably, most people are out of work in Europe in the industrial sections. Then, necessity compelled each country, while trying to sell to other countries, to reduce its own purchases from other lands. Tariffs and the like were automatic reactions to the situation that developed. Naturally, commercial chaos is preceding the necessary readjustments and redistribution of the industrial forces.

There is need in every country for a national program for self-support, agricultural and industrial, based upon the use of natural resources, with full regulation of the surplus, which, in its present sudden changes, has shaken the world's economic foundations. Many a headlined economic problem would solve itself, if such programmed control were exercised. If every nation endeavors to meet the industrial needs of its own people, the foreign markets of the past will of course largely disappear. The sooner this is realized the sooner economic stability will be secured. The traveler in Europe, observing factories for every conceivable article arising in every country, soon becomes convinced that the battle for possession of the markets of other nations has done much to bring about the present unhappy depression.

One main result of a more complete use of national resources—of men, materials and land—would be the more exact discovery of the things that must be imported into a country for lack of adequate resources, and for which the national surplus of products may be exchanged. To set one's own house

in order by the full use of home resources would be a major corrective of the depression. It would be but another expression of the safety that accompanies the procedure of moving from the known to the unknown, and it would lead to a rational, profitable, stable commerce among the nations.

THIRD: Mingled inextricably with all European problems is the old, tenacious, evil war spirit. Europeans do not want war; they hate it and its attendant horrors which they have seen repeated through centuries; but they shrug their shoulders and say that it is inevitable. There has always been war; there always will be war—so reasons the common man.

In reality, however, the war spirit is derived from the distrust existing among the nations of Europe. The many languages spoken are barriers to friendly understanding. The desire to protect oneself

The Frontispiece

By ALICE MERRILL HORNE

HENRY MOSER, a most prolific Utah painter, first saw the light in Switzerland. He immigrated to Utah and has spent most of his life ranching and farming in Northern Utah and Southern Idaho. However, Moser is a teacher and, aside from three years spent in the art schools of Paris, France, has taught successfully several years as head of the Art Department in the Agricultural College, and Branch Agricultural College. Art with him has been always his avocation, and his ranch has offered themes for many of his pictures.

In the May Frontispiece, "When the Cows Come Home," a virile colorist is disclosed by this selfsame artist. Painted near Clarkston, this fresh pastoral grips one's attention by its color. Lazy, white clouds arrange themselves comfortably overhead; a long row of poplars is set by the roadside, over which a string of black and white cows lumber home from green pastures, to complete a most stirring composition.

Moser is essentially Swiss in outlook, an optimist, serene and charming in personality. His interest in the varying moods of the mountains is seen in the titles of his last exhibition: "The Blue Hollow," "Young Groves in Spring," "First Snow in the Hills," "One More Day of Summer on the Mountains," "Sunset and Moonrise over the Mountain," "Tender Aspens Reflected in the Mountain Pool."

Again a whole series of rainy day subplots spring from his full brush, revealing misty hills, green pastures with grazing cattle, and dark rain clouds in the sky.

Henry Moser is seen in many public collections such as the Utah Art Institute, State Fair collection, South Cache, Box Elder High, and Smithfield collections. Many private collections also contain examples of his craft.

against the possible hot-headed invasion of a neighbor is felt to be a paramount need. The European nations are not a loving, trustful family. It is praiseworthy, and hopeful of ultimate victory for peace, that the nations do now sit at the same council table to discuss peace. But, the real will for peace does not seem strong among those who deliberate. The conferences are rather contests, by the methods of diplomacy, for outwitting each other. To say one thing and to mean another appears to be diplomacy. A European federation, perhaps economic at first, is sadly needed.

The war spirit of Europe while it is allowed to live will defeat any joint attempt to bring about permanent prosperity. European peace is not possible until peace is really desired. Nationalism, cherishing unnatural boundaries and making every man a Philistine, must be rationalized to banish war. Perhaps there will be no peace spirit in Europe, until the present false standard of loyalty to country "whether right or wrong" is forgotten. Humanity must mean more than country. Were the spirit of peace supreme in Europe, the problem of repayment of war debts would be simply solved. Today, openly or secretly, war preparations are carried out more vigorously than ever before. It is madness, horrible madness, but it is so, nevertheless!

FOURTH: A new factor, submerged in earlier days, has entered European affairs. It is the increasing, passionate cry for economic equality. On European soil, victories have been won for freedom of belief and speech and for civic equality. Now, the masses of hungry men and women, who can believe as they will and vote as they choose, are demanding a full share of their nation's bread. This demand has become a loud voice only in this later day, but it has been as deeply rooted in humanity's soul as the desire for freedom of thought and equality before the law. By the touchstone of economic equality every present industrial and political movement is made as it were to ebb and flow. Just as men won the right to believe as their consciences directed, or to stand man to man, shoulder to shoulder, in the governmental structure, just so surely the battle

for economic equality will be won by the masses of men. Every man must be given a chance to work, and a sufficient wage for his labor to supply the necessities of his life—both physical, mental and recreational. So runs the formula for economic equality. Every recent political movement is in response to this demand. Mussolini through fascism attempts to meet it in one way; Hitler through the German Nazi movement in a similar manner; Russia by yet other and deplorable methods.

Back of the rise and fall of cabinets, and the formation and deliberations of national and international councils, is the powerful, insistent demand of the people for economic equality. It is not of equal force in all European countries, for some of the peoples, held back by centuries of oppression by selfish dynasties and intolerant churches, are only beginning to climb through the fog to the pure light. The depression will not vanish wholly until means are found for economic equality—that is, until the profoundest industrial and social revolution in the world's history has been achieved.

FIFTH, and of greatest importance: In the solution of weighty European problems, the standards of eternal righteousness are seldom taken as certain guides. The golden rule sounds well, especially in church on a drowsy day, but to apply it in international negotiations! Well, it would be impracticable, theoretical, of course. So think most statesmen.

There are no doubt many private appeals to God for help; but more should be made; and it is to be feared that the Almighty is usually importuned by diplomats to conform to human wishes rather than to enforce divine law. International conference which really represent the outreachings of nations for the settlement of difficult problems, do not appear to place the Lord at the head of the council table. Were that done, solutions would be found quickly. An element of selfish insincerity permeates such gatherings. Read the minutes of their meetings.

This may all be due, and no doubt is to the present-day indifference to religion. Two warring nations, both praying for victory, do not tend to promote respect for reli-

gion. Theology must remain a discredited science unless it be formed from eternal, unchanging principles; and religion cannot enter the lives of men, unless these

The Legend of Crater Lake

(See Legend, page 439)

By Minna Lawrence Harding

CRATER LAKE National Park lies in the heart of the Cascade Range in Southern Oregon. Crater Lake is the bluest, deepest lake in the world. It has no visible outlet. The lake is round, six miles in diameter and is two thousand feet deep. In the heart of Mount Mazama this beautiful blue lake lies, a gem of first water.

I

The countless snows of ages
That crowned Mazama's crest
Were sunk in deep oblivion
To cool her burning breast.
The stars looked down from heaven
As forth from Earth's dark womb
A pearl of priceless beauty sprang
To greet the rising moon.

II

The sky stooped low in rapture
Forgot her robe of blue—
The water all translucent
Became celestial hue.
Bright angels heralded its birth
With song both sweet and clear—
"O pearl of priceless beauty,
O gem beyond compare
For heaven we claim this treasure
This hidden deep blue sea—"
When low Mazama murmured
"God gave this pearl to me—
To have and keep forever
Encircled by my arms
That all who look upon it
May feel its poignant charms.
Though my proud head be lowered
And buried far from sight
Upon my breast forever
Shall shine its radiant light."

III

The evening star grew dimmer
And higher climbed the moon,
The crimson mists all changing
To rose and silver bloom.
Up from the red pine forest
The South Wind whispered low,
"Mazama tell me truly
The legend of thy foe.
Tell of god Skell and Lloa,
Of battles long and strong
That we may keep the legend
And weave it into song.
Did the volcano head of Lloa
Burst forth in blazes blue
Against the hated Skell-god
And his satanic crew?"

IV

The South Wind paused to listen
As Mazama murmured low—
"A legend told by Red Men
And only they shall know."

eternal principles are applied in human affairs irrespective of the effect upon one nation or the other. An unspoken, perhaps unrealized, irreverence for divine powers and laws vitiates many of the attempts to solve the complex problems of the nations. The first and the last step in removing the conditions that we glibly group under the word depression must be to take God into partnership with the League of Nations and every other device for human betterment. Truth and the author of truth must be accepted, practically, before the world's full measure of peace and joy can be expected. And that does not mean merely attendance at musical, mystical services in great churches, but it requires the yielding of heart and soul to the laws of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, which even he who runs may read.

Here, then, they are, the five fingers of the hand that to me seem to be squeezing life from Europe: Agricultural inadequacy, unplanned, uncontrolled manufacturing, the war spirit, a demand for economic equality, and religious indifference. Perhaps they are all products of one cause. The first two are material, the next two largely of the spirit, and the last wholly spiritual; but all root in man's need for happiness. All other factors are but as feeders to these more important conditions. To win peace and prosperity in a topsy-turvy world, through the control and proper direction of these fundamental conditions may be difficult, but it is largely a matter of will; yet, unhappily, the stubborn will yields slowly to training.

Meanwhile, destruction is not ready to descend at once upon Europe. The people of these lands walk in age-old grooves, poverty and pain continue to be accepted as necessities by the majority of Europeans. Europe stands on bad foundations. Not only England, but all of Europe will "muddle through." Yet, the European power of recuperation is becoming weaker. Sooner than we think possible, the frightful sword of retribution may flash over the horizon, compelling Europe to choose between destruction or obedience to the principles which are flaming in the sky for all to read.

THE TOP O' THE MORNING TO YOU

Lovely May

By L. D. STEARNS



MAY is one of our loveliest months, bringing, as it usually does, an overflowing measure of fruits and flowers. It has, too, a number of ceremonial, or special days—the May Day festival, upon the first day of the month; National Hospital Day, on the twelfth—the date upon which Florence Nightingale—the “Angel of the Crimea,” who, by her courage and love, raised nursing to the high place it holds today—was born; the beautiful Mother’s Day observance held on the second Sunday in May; and the solemn Memorial Day, when we decorate the graves of our soldier-dead. In some states, also, Arbor Day occurs in May, while other states celebrate it in April. It is the month of sunshine and flowers; of warm, sweet air and clean, new joy of life. It is

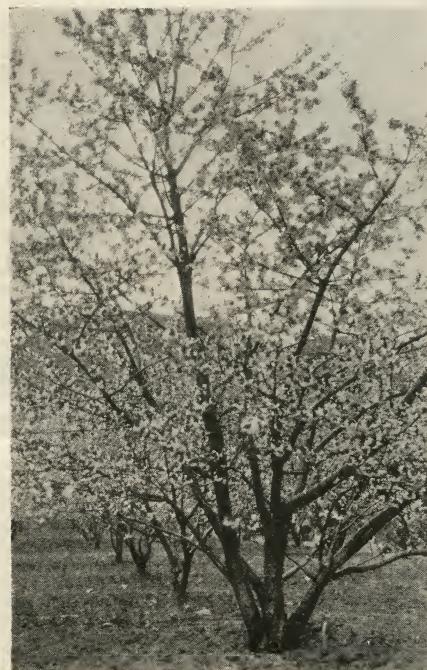
the time when sweetness and hope and ambition spring anew and send their calls echoing through the song of every bird—the music of every brook and stream. Even the breezes seem to whisper more softly than at any other time—

“And through the scented calm,
The wild thrush-poet lifts to God
His pure and lyric psalm.”

May Day has long been observed as a time of special rejoicing and merriment. Pretty and quaint customs belong to it—the choosing of a May-Queen, dancing about the May-Pole, wreathing the pole, finishing off the day by the hanging of May Baskets, are all customs that have come down through many centuries

Because May is beautiful and because during the month flowers bloom in practically every corner of our entire mountain country, we could not resist publishing this joyous greeting to the month of flowers from one who, this May Day, is not here to listen to the birds or to the children. When "the Nation goes forth to decorate" the graves this year, this author's grave will be among the number. Life is like that, but Mays come and go and our hope is that somewhere they will return in beauty forever and ever. Because these orchard scenes are so typical of our western country in late April and early May and because Albert Wilkes who loved the out-of-doors and did so much to capture it in photographs of transcendent beauty has also "gone away," we elected to use them as illustrations.

with but little variation. The custom of May Baskets is said to have originated from the old Roman practice of leaving hawthorne boughs by the windows and doors at this time. In England, it was customary at a very early period for bands of young folk to hunt early blooms with which to decorate twin hoops, fastened together and profusely decorated with vines, blossoms and colored streamers, a large doll, representing the goddess Flora, (goddess of fruits and flowers) being securely fastened between the hoops. This combination of hoops and doll was then fastened to a pole and carried about the town to the accompaniment of horns, and other sounds of revelry, apparently somewhat resembling our Fourth of July, on a small scale. Bonfires were built, and wreaths, made from vines and May-Day blooms, left at doors by the gray carolers, greeting May-Day with song and dance at the very break of dawn.



"When Blossoms Blow" Photo by Wilkes

IN some parts of Sweden great bonfires are built on "May-Day Eve" (April 30th), about which the older townsfolk gather to watch for strange and weird shapes forming in the flames and smoke, while children and young folk play and dance about at pleasure. Next day, they all re-gather on the site of the fires and watch a mimic battle between two parties, representing Summer and Winter. The defeated one (usually Winter) is represented by a dummy, stuffed beforehand for the occasion, which is buried, and ashes from the fire scattered over the grave, after which the remainder of the day is given over to the children, who hurry to the woods, armed with baskets, to rob the nest of every magpie they can discover, as these birds, which are very numerous in Sweden, are extremely destructive.

After a thorough search for nests, the young folk return to the village, singing of the good they have accomplished in the saving of hen's eggs, the lives of young chickens, and the gain to the harvest. As they go about, all housewives who can do so put something into as many baskets as possible. In some cases a community dinner is served with the food collected; in others, the children are allowed to have it for their own feastings.

IN China, the May Pole has come to be a fixture. It was introduced by the missionaries in one of the schools for girls, and was quickly adopted everywhere. It has proved extremely popular.

In sharp contrast to the gaiety of May-Day is the solemnity of Memorial Day, on May thirtieth, commemorating, as it does, our brave dead, whose lives were given in defense of the land they loved, and the principles for which it stands—a day in which the entire Nation goes forth to decorate anew the graves of her brave soldier lads. It is a solemn day, with its many memories, its renewals of patriotic fervor, its striving to build even higher and stronger ideals in the oncoming generation.

"Comes the throb of martial music and the banners in the street,
And the marching of the millions bearing garlands fair and sweet—
'Tis the Sabbath of the Nations, 'tis the floral feast of May!"

In remembrance of our heroes
We keep Memorial Day!"



FREDERICK SMITH

A Tall,

By CARLA WOLFE

THAT day ten years ago when Bessie had been married to Bill, the society section of the campus sheet had devoted nearly half a column to an impressive account of a sorority tea in honor of Miss Hope Devander, a week-end guest from Marquard. On another page at the bottom of the column, with the look of something plugged in to fill a space, two rather badly jumbled lines reported that Miss Bessie Timms and Mr. William Kendall had been married in Goodland last Tuesday and were ***shrdlu* ¹¹¹.

That was the only nuptial ovation, in print or out of it, that was ever tendered to Bessie and Bill. Miss Hope Devander does not matter to them or to their story that follows. She provides merely a study in comparative headline material among sophomores.

It was difficult now, after the ten years, for Bessie to recall the pathetic little vagrant memories of her wedding day without an involuntary chill like a swift, bitter injection of pain feeling its cold way through her veins.

They had been a strange two; a little uncouth both of them, and so shy that they tried to cover it with clumsy overtones; and their marriage had been like the creeping to shelter of two inarticulate and lonely strays.

They were married at five o'clock, after Bill's last lab period. The little rectory was dim and sweet in the crystal-dripping April twilight. Bessie's new brown taffeta dress answered her movements with that exquisitely silken whisper that could still enthrall her with its very luxury, and Bill was wearing a stiff collar that made him look solemn and important; and he had wrenched his great overhanging lock of blue-black hair into fearsome orderliness.

It was mean of her—mean and cruel—to think just then of cloudy tulle and white flowers and little girls with baskets. She had seen them in the pictures but she had always known of course that they were not meant for people like herself. It was beastly to know, in the back of her mind that was groping so earnestly toward beautiful thoughts, that a faint odor of the chemistry lab still hung about Bill and that his fingernails were blunt and jagged and more than faintly rimmed. And oh, it was shameful, sinful—looking at Bill and loving him so much—to hear again the witch-words of the fortune teller—

"I see a tall, dark man * * *."

Yet there he was, even on her wedding day, even in this moment of her deathless pledge, the tall dark man who was not Bill! She wanted to run away, to hide her face and weep for shame. It was not that Bill had failed her. She loved Bill with a tenderness and a fury that were complete. And even to talk with Maurice Rossiter or any of the tall, dark campus heroes could frighten and oppress her. She was simply sick with shame. She was not worthy of Bill! She wanted to cry out and defend him in all his gruff and heavy strangeness, against the worldless jibes of the handsome, tall, dark people.

"They tried to cover their shyness with clumsy overtures."

The rector's wife was sniffling and beaming.

It was time for Bill to kiss her.

Dark Man

*Illustrations by
Fielding K. Smith.*

Out of his ominous frown, he grinned a little foolishly. He bent down. Then for one choking moment there was only Bill, and this was marrying, and she was Bill's wife!

EVEN yet, into the tranquil brightness of her marching days, they would rush back to her at times—old hours and scenes in all their forlorn trappings. Too poignant to permit a smile, they held her a bewildered captive to their blunders and heartaches and slights. With the assurance and triumph of these later years with their lovelier horizons beckoning her dreams, she had learned to elude their approach. But today they were fairly clamoring.

One sentence in Bill's letter to her had opened the floodgates and here she was engulfed again in the ancient bitterness and rebellious misgiving.

Bessie had been singing about her packing, dismantling all the pretty rooms with uncurbed eagerness. Thrilling inwardly, too, to the mounting tempo of this change in both their lives.

Throw away these ruffled voile curtains. They had been bright and sweet, but now she'd have different ones, nicer, less frilly and keyed with truer discrimination to the early American pieces she had begun to collect.

What sort of home would they have in Marquard? On Bill's new salary they could afford something grand. That was the wrong word. Grand houses were stupid, but she knew what she meant. And anyway grand was a grand word for the way she was feeling. All alone in the house she laughed, and began to sing in her clear, sturdy tones like a boy's, a rollicking Scotch song where the world could be trilled pompously.

"Oh, it's a gr-r-r-r-r-r-r-and * * *."

Send all this ornate cut glass and plate to the Ladies' Guild. You're welcome. Bazaars and white elephant sales. Somebody will buy the ugly stuff. Some old lady who used to yearn for it. "All my life I've wanted to own a silver tea service * * *." Always somebody to snatch up and care for the things we can't endure any more.

Whose discarded dreams are these new ones we've just found? Terrible thought. Things of today, this moment, are so beautiful!

WHAT was coming next? It would be exciting to go to a new college, a new city—a new world, really. This time she would be one of the important ones from the start. The wife of the new dean of the department of science. Bill!

Unbelievable, breath-catching, even yet. She had always known of course that Bill had the brains. And he was liked socially after you got used to his amazing silences. Why should this distinguished new post be so nearly beyond belief? Bill was presentable, now, to look at too. That ponderous chunkiness of his overgrowing years had smoothed itself (Continued on p. 441)

"Maurice could still see her, dancing so perfectly in the perfect new dress."





The Lion House Social Center

"Welcome, Come In"

By HARRISON R. MERRILL

WHEN President Brigham Young built a part stone, part adobe mansion for his rapidly growing family, on a wide street of a frontier town of which he had been the founder, he probably had no idea at all that it would one day become a home for the young ladies of a modern city of considerably more than a hundred and twenty-five thousand people, and a center for the girls of a Church whose boundaries are as wide as the world. But he did build such a home and its "quaint old parlor," its ample kitchen, and its many living rooms and bed rooms have proved to be ideal for the use to which the building is being put.

Long desirous of having a social center for the women of the Church who come to Salt Lake City to study, visit, or work, the general officers of the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association, made their wishes known to the First Presidency, who finally turned over to them the Bee Hive House, on the

Girls and women of Salt Lake City as well as of the entire world are to have "a home away from home" in THE LION HOUSE SOCIAL CENTER.

corner near the Eagle Gate, and later the Lion House.

The Bee Hive House, ever since its acquisition by the Young Ladies' Board, has been a dormitory for women.

There the strange young lady has been able to obtain rooms where she could feel at home and where the atmosphere of a home has been maintained through the good services of Mrs. Eliza McFarland, who acts as hostess. A cafeteria which had been maintained in the basement of the Lion House by the L. D. S. University, upon the closing of that institution was taken over by the management of the Social Center and maintained to serve principally the general authorities of the Church, the employees in the Church Office Building, and the missionaries living in the Missionary Home.

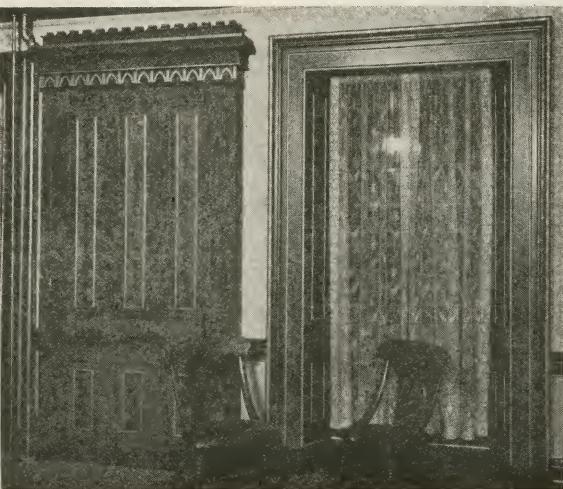
AS soon as the Lion House was turned over to the Young Ladies, the committee began upon a program of renovation and furnishing. The parlor was

carpeted, the windows were draped, and some of the original furnishings belonging to the Brigham Young family were brought in to add a colonial touch to the entire ensemble. This room is very much as it was in the days when President Young and his family made it their headquarters. The same paint is on the beautiful woodwork around the windows and doors, and the same spirit which once permeated the home is still there.

AT one side of the room is a harmonium which some music-loving pioneer brought across the plains in early days; on the opposite wall is a painted portrait of the great empire builder looking down upon the room which he had so dearly loved and which had been the scene of so many of his family and social experiences. Above the harmonium hangs a frame containing the portraits of nine of Brigham Young's daughters who, in that very room, were included in the organization of the "Young Ladies' Department of the Cooperative Retrenchment Association" which was effected under the direction of President Young on November 28, 1869.

The first officers of the association, which later became the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association, were: Ella Young Empey, president; Emily Young Clawson, Zina Young Williams, Maria Young Dougall, Caroline Young, Dora Young, and Phoebe Young, counselors. Present at the organization meeting were President Young and his family, his counselor, George A. Smith and his wife, Bathsheba W. Smith, and Eliza R. Snow.

Door of Lion House Showing Workmanship



Dormer Window, Lion House
Salt Lake City

AN interesting word picture is given of that first meeting by Susa Young Gates, a daughter of President Young, in her history of the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association. "President Young asked Sister Eliza R. Snow to notify those of the family not living in the Lion House to assemble there on the evening of November 28, 1869, as he had important matters to present to them for action. No doubt this matter had been thoroughly discussed by him and Sister Snow, for later events showed that there was an understanding between them on the subject about to be presented. Sister Snow had asked Sister Bathsheba W. Smith to go around with her to notify the families to attend the meeting. When, therefore, the President saw Sister Smith in the parlor, he said, 'I will send into the office for Brother George A., as he is there now, and we will invite him to be present at our meeting.' Brother Smith and his wife were, therefore, the only visitors at this initial meeting of the organization.

"The scene in that quaint old parlor would have been a strange one to those not of the family. President Young came in from the office through the long, narrow, winding hall and from its small recess in the large hall took the prayer-bell which was never molested by childish fingers. Eight deliberate rings brought the flying feet of the little children, followed more sedately by the quiet tread of the older ones and the mothers, into the long, low-ceiled parlor, warmed by the 'Lady Franklin' stove and lighted by glass lamps. The family came and arranged themselves in their accustomed

Original Paint is on the Woodwork
of the Lion House

seats, in the substantial wooden chairs made by the cabinet maker, Bell, after a pattern designed by President Young himself. Then the husband and father sat, as his wont, in the middle of the long room by the round table. Beside him was his loved friend and counselor, President George A. Smith, and on the red-velvet davenport, the seat reserved for visitors, sat Sister Smith. At his right hand was "Aunt" Eliza R. Snow, with her tall, slim figure neatly and plainly clad, her fine old Hebrew face with its deep-set eyes and clear-cut, regular features composed with their customary severity. Around the room were ranged the rest of the family, as usual.

"After the simple and usual prayer had been offered, the President addressed his family."

That picture of the patriarch and prophet seated at his table in the long parlor with his family surrounding him, is one which will add warmth and feeling to the Lion House Social Center so long as it exists. Here was a great man solving a problem in a simple yet statesmanlike manner. He was setting his own house in order as a pattern for the Church to follow.

Never did coming events cast their shadows before with more accuracy, for the simple organization made within the family of one man has become a world-wide force, but with its roots still in that room. Truly the proverbial mustard seed has grown into the greatest of all trees.

AT present Ruth May Fox is president of the General Board of the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association in all the world and has as her counselors Lucy Grant Cannon and Clarissa A. Beesley, with Mrs. Cannon acting as chairman of the committee in charge of the Lion House Social Center, which was turned over to the organization last summer by the First Presidency of the Church. Mrs. Rachel Grant Taylor, who is vice-chairman, has been active in bringing the "Center" into being.

An indication of the uses to which the famous mansion will be put is had in a leaflet circulated by the General Board in which this paragraph is found:

"The Lion House Social Center—a place to work and a place to play—a place to meet your friends in delightful social intercourse—a place in which to follow that hobby which has long been calling you—a cheerful, heart-warming, 'homey' home which will make you want to come and come again. In joining

one of the happy groups who gather here, your opportunity for complete living will be enlarged."

According to the literature issued by the Center, all girls and women who are members of the Latter-day Saint Church are eligible for membership, and may join by paying a yearly fee of one dollar or a monthly fee of ten cents. The monthly fee is suggested for members living out of town who may be in Salt Lake City for a week or a month at a stretch.

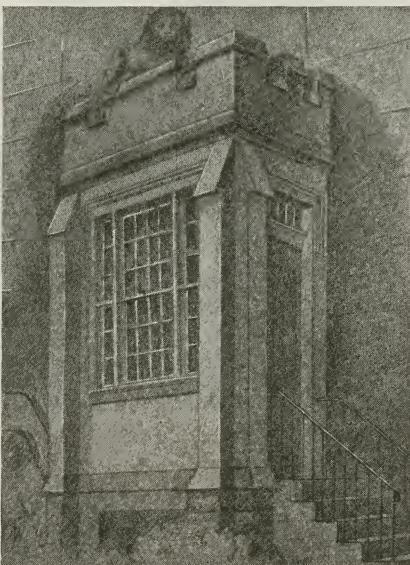
MEMBERS are allowed the use of the home at certain hours and under certain restrictions. Some of the privileges of membership are listed as follows: "Use of lunch room accommodations where you may bring your lunch and rest during the noon period. Use of rest room accommodations. Use of reading room. Use of a sewing machine. Participation in weekly events such as book reviews; community singing; story-telling hour; social games." The home provides opportunity for instruction in art needle work, in first aid, and in other fields, also an opportunity to eat at the cafeteria.

In addition to these privileges which come merely with membership, the Center is providing instruction in many fields at very nominal cost. The courses which are running at the Lion House now are: dress-making, food and nutrition, conversational English, arts and crafts, magazine writing, wood fiber flowers, speech, and applied arts.

A privilege that many members will probably take advantage of is that of renting the parlor or recreation room for parties or social dancing. These rooms will accommodate from forty to eighty people comfortably. Luncheons and banquets may also be arranged in the dining rooms.

On account of its being one of the most interesting historical structures in Utah, or in the West for that matter, many visitors call at the Lion House to view the rooms in which the great colonizer and his family once dwelt and wherein were laid the plans for many of the important activities of the young territory. It is true that the office of the First Presidency of the Church was in a small house which still stands between the Lion House and the Bee Hive House, yet it is certain that President Brigham Young worked out many of his plans under the shades of his own roof.

As one approaches the Lion House from west on South Temple Street, he is pleased with the general



Main Entrance to the Lion House

view of the building. Planned according to Don Carlos Young, Church Architect, by Truman Angell, a brother-in-law of President Young's, under President Young's direction it follows the pattern of early English mansions. Substantially built of sandstone, called by the Pioneers "grindstone," from City Creek Canyon, from the ground to above the basement or first floor doors, it rose from that point built of sun-baked, Mormon adobe. Twenty dormer windows, ten on each side of the roof, gave the building the appearance of English mansions built soon after the feudal system passed away. The "dog ears" above the almost square windows in the walls mark the building as being essentially English in design.

THE adobes were plastered carefully and white-washed, giving the building a light and dignified appearance. Some years ago, however, the plaster became so bad that the entire structure from the sandstone up was veneered with cement blocks.

"Those cement blocks just about spoiled the building," said Don Carlos Young, son of the President, as we looked out of his office in the Church Office building upon the structure which had once been his father's home. "I liked the plaster much better."

The main entrance to the home is in the south end of the building through a sort of inclosed porch or sun room which in reality is an extension of the hall to a distance of six or eight feet beyond the adobe walls. Above this entrance is mounted a British lion, alert, but peacefully reclining. This figure, designed and placed above the famous door by the builder, gives the mansion its name, which is known around the world.

When the visitor opens the door upon the knob of which is the well-known Mormon inscription, "Holiness to the Lord," he finds himself in a long hall which stretches away into the twilight of distance. At one side of it a stairway leads up to the third floor, which once was occupied by the bedrooms of the spacious home, but which now affords space for a modern kitchen, a number of class and study rooms, and the recreational hall which occupies the space at the front of the building immediately behind the lion. This room was created by the removal of a number of partitions.

Should the visitor, as he enters the building, pause at the first door on the right as he goes along the hall, he will find a cosily furnished office of Martha Gee Smith, widow of the late Patriarch Hyrum G. Smith, who acts as hostess of the home. Mrs. Smith is always eager to show the interested visitor around and therefore, she will probably conduct him to the parlor across the hall in which was carried on much of the courtship of the Young girls, according to Aunt Susa Young Gates who was born in the Lion House.

The parlor, now beautifully carpeted, is much as President Young and his family left it. Large and roomy, yet it is cozily home-like and makes an ideal place for social gatherings, for, in addition to the harmonium previously mentioned, it contains a fine grand piano.

ADJOINING the parlor on the one side are several large rooms in succession which once served as

The Beehive Home

By Minnie I. Hodapp

ON the streets of a busy city
Mid turmoil and toil of mart,
She stood at the Eagle Gateway
Weary and sad at heart;
She turned with a wistful yearning
To view yon "Beehive" dome,
And she heard like a gentle whisper
The voice of "Home-Sweet-Home."

With half-reluctant footstep,
She found herself at the door—
It opened with kindly welcome
And a genial, mild outpour
Of friendly and cozy feeling;
Her footstep ceased to roam
When she crossed the blessed threshold
Of the dear old Beehive Home!

Those gracious, old-fashioned parlors
Gave velvet ease to her feet,
While fair resplendent mirrors
Shed charm o'er this blest retreat;
Mid warmth and light and beauty,
Hope wove its magic spell
Of heart-ease, love, and duty
Peace whispered "All is well."

She seemed to hear the echo
Of sage-clad yester-years
The vigilant endeavors
Of sturdy pioneers;
In dreams she glimpsed the leader
Who poised the Beehive dome
An emblematic ensign—
Over the Beehive Home!

Forever a smiling welcome,
Proud purposeful girls who swarm
From countryside and hamlet
Seeking shelter that's safe from harm;
May peace and good-will befriend you—
Your footsteps cease to roam—
Sweet happiness attend you,
In this, your Beehive Home!

living rooms for various units of President Young's large family. On the opposite side of the hall are to be found other rooms which once served for various purposes and in one of which the colonizer passed away while scores of anxious Saints watched and prayed outside of his window.

The lower floor of the building, once used for dining, cooking, and laundry activities, is now the home of the Lion House Social Center Cafeteria and the dining rooms. Here noon meals as well as special banquets are served by an efficient corps of workers.

Though the Lion House Social Center has been operating only a very short time, its membership is rapidly growing, and a genuine love for the place is already taking possession of the hearts of many girl and women members. Visitors from out of town as well as residents of Salt Lake City are cordially invited to visit the center and to become acquainted with its purposes and activities. The fine old door made under the direction of President Brigham Young is always unlatched to members of the Mutual Improvement Association from any part of the world, and non-members of the Church are welcome to inspect the building and the plans of the organization.

As the visitor walks up the few stone steps and pushes open the beautiful hand-made door and stands in the dimly lighted hall, if he is one who is prone to honor and reverence the past as being prophetic of the future, he cannot help but feel that he is in a building which once was home to a very great man. In fact, he is likely to call it the Mount Vernon of the West, for here the Father of the Wilderness, also a home-lover, a believer in the soil and in the common man, lived and died.

As he tip-toes into the famous parlor which has served as reception room to many of the greatest men of the world and stands there in the presence of the spirit of Brigham Young, the colonizer, the statesman, the empire-builder, he can be excused for dreaming fine dreams of what the Lion House Social Center is to mean to thousands and thousands of girls and women. He can there feel the very spirit of the place which breathes warmly though softly the words, "Welcome, come in and make yourself at home."

The CATALOGUE Mother

By IDA POWELL BROWN



Jean Gordon went to act as substitute teacher in grade two, and that changed things for several people.

WELL, that's that," said Jean Gordon drearily as she watched the tall figure out of sight. "It's only in fairy tales that the hero marries the heroine when she is young and fair. In real life he comes back for her to be the housekeeper and stepmother to three good sized children. Well, I won't be the patient, faithful Grizelda, even if I did find a grey hair this morning," she added bitterly. "After all, second choice is second choice."

She eyed the mail box as she wearily climbed the porch steps. "A letter," she said—"the days and days I watched for mail when

"For goodness sake," she said fiercely to the staring children, "haven't any of you kids ever seen a flannel petticoat before?" . . .

I was sweet eighteen—the tears I shed because he'd taken that last quarrel seriously—then after twelve long years my love returns to me. Well, it just won't do; spinster I am, and spinster I shall remain. Let him find a nursemaid for his children."

"It's a letter from Julia, Mother," she said a moment later, entering the house. "She wants me to come for a visit, and I believe I'll go."

"Now Mother dear, do please wipe that anxious expression from

your face. Yes, I've sent him away, and yes, he's gone back to that farm of his at Edgewood, or Woodville, or Woodward, or some such name; and yes," with a quick kiss on the wrinkled forehead. "I'm quite happy about it all, so don't you worry. Now I believe I'll pack."

"I've come for a long quiet visit," she told her sister two days later when the dust of the journey had been washed away, and she was in the little painted rocker by the window in Julia's cheery

kitchen. "Ju', don't tell me that's ginger bread you're making?" she asked with a loving glance at the little figure in the white apron. "Well, if you spoil me this way you'll have me on your hands 'til July Fourth."

Julia stopped her mixing and stirring to ask a little anxiously, "Are you quite well, Jean, dear? Tom thought you looked a little pale when you came this morning."

"You and Tom and Mother," Jean said with scorn, "have the world's best imaginations."

LIFE in the little farmhouse with Julia was much the same day after day; but in spite of the peace and quiet Jean found it impossible to content herself.

"Will you behold the new second grade teacher," she announced dramatically one afternoon, as she came in flushed and smiling after a long cold walk from town. "It seems that the regular schoolmarm is down with the flu, and so the worthy principal has asked me to substitute. I wonder how he found me out?"

"Oh, I told him you had taught school," said Julia, smiling; "but how about the peace and quiet?"

"It's priceless," said Jean with a grimace. "A little too priceless, if you know what I mean."

So on a sunny, Monday morning, grade two found a new teacher at the desk, and Jean settled down to reading, writing and arithmetic with a little contented sigh. "It was good to be at work again," she thought, if only for just one reason—that she might be too busy to think of the disconsolate droop of a pair of serge clad shoulders, as a tall figure walked away from her.

That first afternoon seemed a promise of early spring. Sunshine slanted across the shiny desks and touched teacher's hair with dancing flecks of gold. Grade two eyed the little crack in the window longingly.

"I don't believe it would hurt them to go outside with their coats and overshoes on," Jean thought. "It's so lovely, and they can play for a few minutes and keep warm. On went caps and mittens, and with a whoop of delight the children swarmed out into the snow.

"Don't put that in your mouth, sonny," she said, quickly brushing a lump of snow from a dirty little



The child's cold had grown steadily worse. She coughed continuously, and the hoarse little voice filled Jean's heart with a vague fear. . . .

paw. "Now children, form a ring and we'll play a new game. Make room for grade five, class; they've come out for a little sunshine too."

"Oats, peas, beans and barley grow," sang grade two in shrill chorus, as they rotated around the little girl in the center of the ring. "Can you, or I, or anyone know how oats, peas, beans and"—there was a shout of laughter, and teacher, who had been leaning gratefully against the sun warmed brick wall of the school house, ran quickly forward.

"What is it, children?" she called sharply. "What are you laughing at?"

"She's lost her petticoat," piped up one little voice. "She's lost her petticoat," shouted grade two in chorus.

In the center of the ring a seven year old child was crying lustily, and at her feet, in the dirty snow, lay a sodden mass of grey flannel.

THERE was a break in the ranks of grade five and out of the sunlight flashed a brown clad figure. Before Jean could break through the circle of giggling children, the newcomer had dropped upon her knees beside the weeping child.

"For goodness sake," she said

fiercely to the staring children. "haven't any of you kids ever seen a flannel petticoat before. There, there, Mary Ellen," she admonished the little sister in her arms, "you mustn't cry. See, here's my hankie to dry your eyes. Don't cry, honey," she pleaded; "it makes your cough worse," for the weeping had developed into a strangled cough.

"I'll take her now," Jean said, coming forward. "She's just frightened, that's all."

"She gets her feelings hurt easily," said the elder sister with an apologetic look at the teacher. "But that petticoat coming down was the limit. I pinned it up with a bent safety pin, and I guess it didn't hold."

"She has a croupy cough," said Jean a little anxiously. "Perhaps your mother had better keep her out of school tomorrow."

"We haven't any mother," Nancy told her simply. Though it was just a statement, not a bid for sympathy, the pity of it touched Jean's tender heart.

"Perhaps if you have far to walk I can take you home tonight," she said gently as she tied Mary Ellen's dirty scarf snugly about her neck. "I have my brother's cat here, and Mary Ellen's feet are wet through. (Continued on page 444)



Mary Ball Washington



General George Washington

Washington's Mother



*S*HE never praised him, old historians say.
 She knew his faith was not a flabby thing
 That reeled about in search of stiffening.
 Moreover, when the Lord has marked the way
 A man should go, and taught him how to pray,
 And blessed him with a stalwart heart, why ring
 The bells for him and bear him flowers and sing
 Because he does not tremble and delay?

*Thus it was when the news of Yorktown ran
 Like fire in yellow grass in gusty weather
 Through every colony, and every man
 Declared how brave the General was, and wise,
 She only pressed her lips more tight together,
 Ashamed of a strange burning in her eyes.*

—Carlton Culmsee

“**D**URING the troubled war days Mrs. Mary Washington knitted constantly, making garments for the soldiers. When the news was bad, to keep her own faith strong, she would often say, (according to family legends): ‘The mothers and wives of brave men must be brave women.’ One day when the tidings brought a cry of despair from Mrs. Lewis with four sons in the service of the country, it is said her mother murmured: ‘The sister of the Commanding General must be an example of fortitude and faith.’”

“Whatever news the messengers brought, good or bad, Mary Washington held fast to her calmness and serenity and often was said to have asserted: ‘George is apt to succeed in anything he undertakes. He was always a good boy!’ “So profound an impression did her cultured, stately manner make upon the foreigners that one exclaimed: ‘If such are the matrons of America, she may well boast of her illustrious sons.’ From ‘The Mother of Washington,’ published by the ‘The United States George Washington Bicentennial Commission.’”

Tuning in on the 103rd Annual Conference

IN celebration of the one hundred and third anniversary of the organization of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, general conference was convened in the Great Tabernacle in Salt Lake City on Thursday morning, April 6.

It was a lovely spring day. President Heber J. Grant, 76, and his first and only counselor, Anthony W. Ivins, 80, walked, unattended, from the Church Office building on South Temple Street to the Tabernacle on the Temple Grounds. President Grant, dressed in a blue suit with a faint stripe in the weave, tall and straight, and graceful in carriage; President Ivins dressed in a gray suit, slightly less tall, but carrying himself gracefully, were an inspiration to those who beheld them.

The Great Tabernacle was unusually well filled, especially for a conference convening so early in the week. As the First Presidency walked into the building the great organ was pealing forth a welcome to them and to the entire Church and world. Edward P. Kimball was at the console.

The congregation, directed by A. C. Lund, veteran leader of the choir whose singers over radio have thrilled the world, sang the famous rallying hymn, "Come, Come, Ye Saints." Milton H. Wellings, secretary of state of Utah, and a former president of one of the stakes of Zion offered the invocation and the conference was in session.

AS if to satisfy the curiosity of the Saints, President Grant immediately launched into the business of having the general authorities sustained. J. Reuben Clark, Jr., former ambassador to Mexico, was sustained as second counselor in the First Presidency, and Samuel O. Bennion, president of the Central States Mission was sustained to fill the vacancy in the quorum of the First Seven Presidents of Seventy. No mention was made

of the office of patriarch which has been vacant since the death of Hyrum G. Smith.

Immediately following the presentation of the general authorities, Elder David O. McKay read the financial statement of the Church.

Some of the items read were as follows: Expended for stake and ward meeting houses, \$240,511; for ward maintenance, \$658,103; for stake maintenance, \$226,179; for education (universities, colleges, and seminaries), \$609,467; for temples, \$166,475; for care of worthy poor, \$272,163; for erection of places of worship and other buildings in the missions, \$871,908; other charities (fast offerings and Relief Society contributions), \$443,680.00. Elder McKay announced that he would not read the cents.

Other statistics of interest: Average cost per month of missionaries, \$31.80; number of missionaries in the field, 1,392; total

average expense of all the missionaries, \$531,187; average earning of missionaries had they remained home (estimated at \$900.00 per year), \$1,252,800; total cost of missionaries therefore, \$1,829,183; number of stakes, 104; of wards, 936; of branches (independent), 76; of branches (dependent), 31; of missions, 30; of missionary branches, 867; of districts, 216; number of converts, 7,825; number of missionaries in stakes, 1,305; recommended to temples, 67,728; births per thousand, 28.3; marriages per thousand, 13; deaths per thousand, 7; per cent of Saints owning their own homes, 64.2.

President Grant was the first speaker. He announced that the world, if it had listened to a revelation given about one hundred years ago, might have avoided much of its sorrow. He read the revelation containing the Word of Wisdom and presented many facts substantiating the doctrine. He bore his own testimony and then as evidence of the worth of keeping the Word of Wisdom he declared that President Young lived until he was 76: John Taylor served the Church 51 years; Wilford Woodruff, 58; Lorenzo Snow, 53; Joseph F. Smith, 50; and Heber J. Grant, himself, 50.

Elder Reed Smoot followed President Grant. His theme was the importance of religion in the world.

THE speakers for the afternoon were: Elders Joseph Fielding Smith, President Charles Callis, Southern States Mission; Bishop David A. Smith; Pres. Elias Woodruff, Western States Mission; Pres. John Bluth, Canadian Mission; Elder Stephen L. Richards; and President Samuel O. Bennion, president of the Central States Mission and recently appointed to the quorum of the First Seven Presidents of Seventy.

On Thursday evening the Tab-



Photo by Mrs. Carl D. Parry
A Nevada Family

ernacle Choir presented a free concert in the Great Tabernacle.

On Friday the speakers were: Elder George F. Richards, president of the Salt Lake Temple; Elder Richard R. Lyman; President Charles E. Rowan, Texas Mission; President Rulon S. Wells; and Bishop Sylvester Q. Cannon.

Friday afternoon the speakers were: Elder Rudger Clawson, Pres. Arthur Welling, of the North Central States Mission; Pres. William Sloan, North Western States Mission; Pres. Miles L. Jones, East Central States Mission; Pres. A. A. Hinckley, California Mission; Pres. James H. Moyle, Eastern States Mission.

On Friday night the Genealogical Society held a demonstration and program in the Great Tabernacle. Descendants of Lehi were featured, Jack Galbreath, a mixed blood Blackfeet Indian from Montana, and Moroni Timbimbo, his son and father, Indians from Washakie, being the principal performers for Lehi's descendants.

On Saturday evening 5,343 men holding the priesthood assembled in the Tabernacle for the general priesthood meeting. President Grant pronounced the attendance to be unusually large. The speakers were President Grant, his two counselors, and President B. H. Roberts.

On Sunday morning as soon as the doors of the Tabernacle were open people began crowding in to enjoy the national and international broadcast of the choir beginning at 9:30. Professor A. C. Lund conducted, Professor Edward P. Kimball was at the organ, with Mr. Frank Asper playing the organ solo.

THE regular conference session began at 10:30. The great building was crowded far beyond its capacity and people were standing in great numbers on the grounds, despite the inclement weather of Sunday, and crowded the Assembly Hall. The speakers of the morning session were Elder David

O. McKay, Presidents A. W. Ivins, J. Reuben Clark, Jr., and President George S. Romney, Northern States Mission.

The afternoon speakers were Elders James E. Talmage, President Antoine Ivins, Elder Joseph F. Merrill, President B. H. Roberts, President J. Golden Kimball, President Levi Edgar Young, President Heber J. Grant, who read the last chapter from the book, "The Way to Truth," by Elder John A. Widtsoe, the only member of the quorum of the Twelve who was absent, and Elder Melvin J. Ballard.

Several speakers pronounced the conference to be one of the outstanding assemblages in the history of the Church. A fine spirit was manifest upon every occasion, and the Saints seemed eager to participate in its enjoyment.

The Relief Society, the Primary Association, the Department of Education, the Sunday Schools and the M. I. A. all held special meetings during the conference period.



Twelve Times Champion Carver

By H. R. M.

TWELVE times has Tom Allman, of Provo, Utah, entered his wood carvings in county, state, and inter-state fairs and expositions and twelve times has he carried off first prizes. From his own state, Utah, he has received three gold medals and six cash prizes.

For more than a quarter of a century Mr. Allman has been competing, but still he is active and busy. During this last winter he completed a panel for a radio set which, he thinks, is one of the finest pieces he has ever done.

A few of Mr. Allman's scores of carvings are shown in the accompanying photograph. The table in the foreground, beautifully hand-carved and inlaid, of solid walnut, is valued at one thousand dollars. The vase on

the wall is of a round piece of aspen taken from his own region in Utah. The furniture shown in the photograph was all made, designed, and carved by the artist. He is rather fond of carv-

ing animals, especially dogs and horses. The panel in the center on the wall is the one he has recently completed. It had not been polished or varnished when the photograph was taken.

Besides being an expert wood carver, Mr. Allman is an expert with colored inks and pens. One of his lovely designs is shown immediately at his left.

Mr. Allman is a carpenter by trade as was his father before him. He has done some of the finishing work in many of the fine buildings in and near Provo. His hand carvings were used in the Utah Stake Tabernacle in Provo as a part of the decorations.

He is past sixty, but still continues with his carving whenever a let-up in the building program gives him any spare time.



Tom Allman and Some of His Wood Carving

A Phase of Browning's Faith

By
MRS. JULIAETTA B. JENSEN

"God's in his heaven,
All's right with the world."
—Pippa Passes.

FREQUENTLY Pippa's words are misunderstood or misquoted. When Pippa says "all's right with the world" she does not mean that all is well with the world. Browning has her song reach the heart of Sebald at a moment when he is forgetting repentance, and when he is about to plunge into deeper sin. The little peasant's song makes all right again, and he knows that he cannot escape the result of his sin; it is right he should be punished, pay too his price.

Browning believed that God is in his heavens, that he rules this world through law and order, that we reap what we sow. Punishments and rewards come by natural law, the law of compensation.

God manifests himself to man in many ways, Paracelsus says:

"God is the perfect poet
Who in his person acts his own creations."

The great poet believed that God is near, but not too near to prevent our individual development. He gives us trials and sorrows to test our souls, and usually leaves us to fight the battle alone, but he is not unmindful of the struggle we are making. It is Pompilia in "The Ring and the Book" who says:

"God ever mindful in all strife and strait
Who for our own good makes the need
extreme,
Till at the last he puts forth might and
saves."

BROWNING did not affiliate with any church, but he built up for himself a faith in God, and a philosophy of life that are healthy and sane. His teachings have brought comfort to thousands, who have been willing to put forth a little effort to find his meaning.

Browning recognized three stages in the development of the



Robert Browning

soul: a pre-existent state, this life, and a life to come. In "Cristina" he says:

"Ages past the soul existed,
Here an age 'tis resting merely,
And hence fleets again for ages."

This life with its trials, joys, and sorrows, is but one stage in eternal progression. The poet believed in the goodness of this life in all its phases: physical, spiritual, and intellectual. No one has sung with more spirit the joys of this life than David sings them in Browning's most beautiful religious poem "Saul."

"How good is man's life, the mere living!
how fit to employ,
All the heart and the soul and the senses
forever in joy!"

This is a part of the plan but not the whole plan. We were sent here for a purpose that must not be forgotten. Browning's life was devoted to the search for the meaning and the purpose of life. Fra Lippo Lippi says, in the poem by that name:

"The world and life's too big to pass for
a dream."

* * * *

"This world's no blot for us,

Nor blank; it means intensely and it
means good;
To find its meaning is my meat and
drink."

Through Cleon he voices this longing for growth and development in the words, "Why stay we on the earth except to grow?" Browning's heart goes out to this same pagan Cleon who had reached the height of Greek culture without a faith in a hereafter, but who, seeing the vastness of knowledge and the brevity of this life, longed for a hereafter where there would be no limitations.

ONE of the poet's most inspirational poems is "A Grammarian's Funeral," which portrays that period of the Renaissance known as the Revival of Learning. The Grammarian could have been anything he wished in life, but he chose the humble position of teaching others the knowledge he had gained at a great price. His health gave way. Friends pleaded with him to pause and enjoy life ere it was too late, time was passing. But he cried:

"What's time? Leave now for dogs and
apes!
Man has Forever."

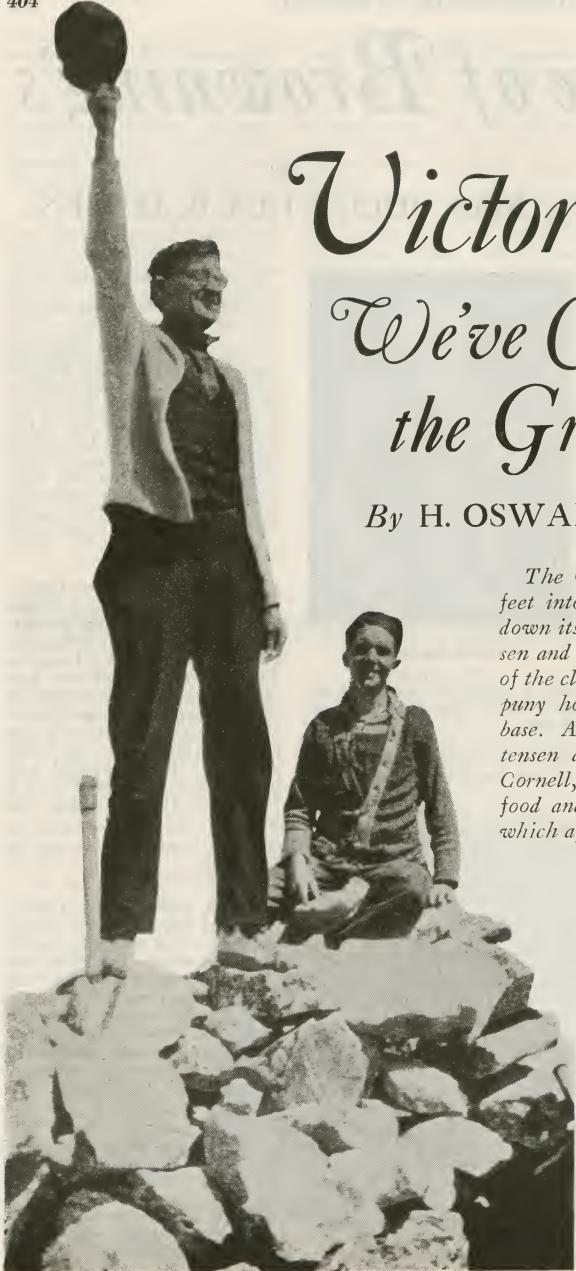
In "A Death in the Desert" Browning has the Apostle John say, "I say that man was made to grow, not stop." In "Rabbi Ben Ezra" he speaks of man as a "God though in the germ."

Dark days came to him, no doubt, but I think they were few and we have sufficient testimony in his poetry to know that they never overcame him. In "Paracelsus" he says:

"If I stoop
Into a dark tremendous sea of cloud,
It is but for a time; I press God's lamp
Close to my breast; its splendor soon or
late,
Will pierce the gloom."

In this same poem he reiterates the surety of his belief.

(Continued on page 446)

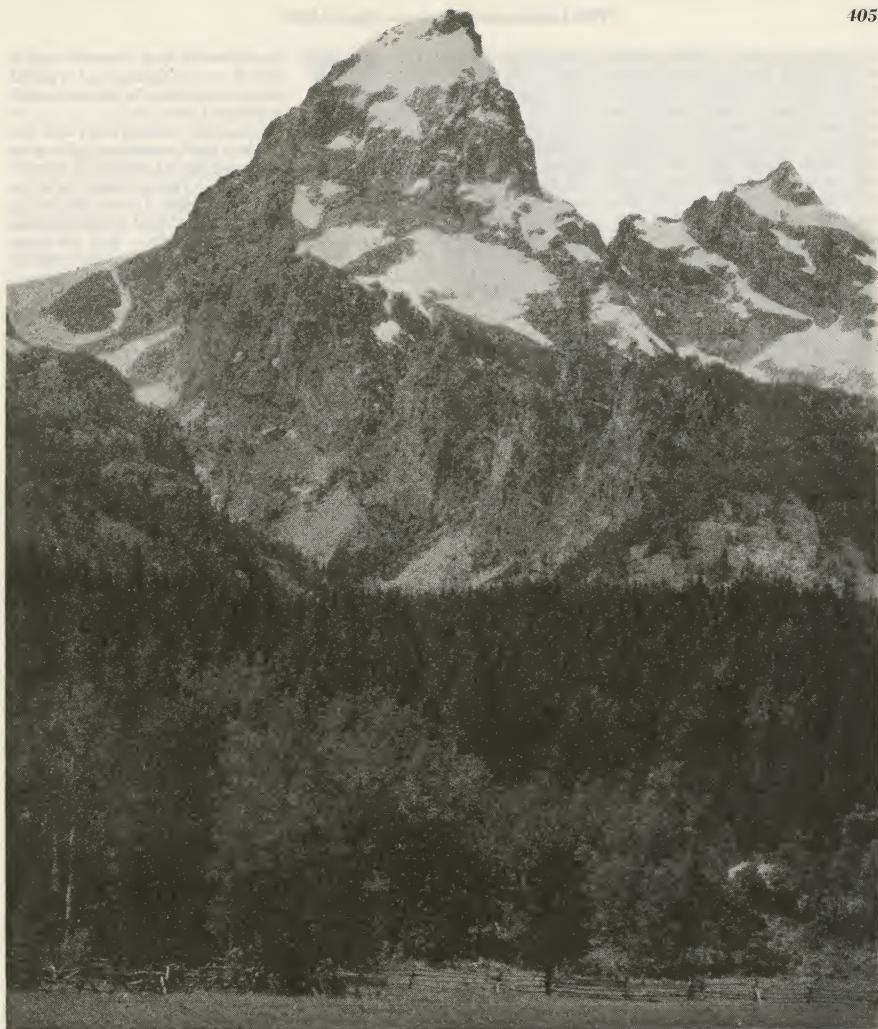


Victory! We've Conquered the Grand Teton!

By H. OSWALD CHRISTENSEN

The Grand Teton, towering 13,747 feet into the cloudy blue, daily threw down its challenge to Oswald Christensen and his four sons. Like a giant out of the clouds he laughed at them and the puny house they were building at his base. At last, however, Professor Christensen and his two sons, Harold and Cornell, answered. They packed their food and the battle began, the story of which appears in this article.

THE Teton Range near the western border line of Wyoming is one of the most rugged parts of the Rocky Mountains. Those towering peaks of the Three Tetons, Mt. Owen, Mt. Moran and others, reaching far above the timber line, can be seen from great distances. They attract the attention and admiration of the thousands on their way to the Yellowstone Park or who may by chance get within a hundred miles or more. They were the guiding posts of the early trapper, the rendezvous of the desperado and outlaw, and of late, the lurking challenge of the mountain climber. Many have come from different parts of the United States and even from Switzerland and other coun-



"Our American Matterhorn." First picture shows climbers on top of this peak

tries to try their skill in scaling these granite peaks. It is not their great height, but their extreme ruggedness that makes them difficult to climb. The Grand Teton, "Our American Matterhorn," with its perpendicular ledges towering up 13,747 feet is the greatest challenge of them all to the adventurous climber.

Not many years ago it was thought these peaks had never been climbed. But some of the early

settlers stated that it had been reported that an Indian had at one time scaled the Grand Teton but had never returned. Later it was learned that William O. Owen with a party of five made a successful climb to the top of the Grand Teton in 1898. This is probably the first ascent of either of the three peaks.

LONG before moving into Upper Snake River Valley I had heard of those wonderful mountains and, after the thrill of climbing Mt. Timpanogos and other Utah mountains, yearned to see and scale them. My first trip after arriving in Rexburg to teach at Ricks College was to take my family for a drive where we could see the Tetons. As we neared Sugar City we could see them in the East glowing from the golden hues of the

late afternoon sun. They seemed to be only a short distance away. So we drove toward them, five miles, ten miles, thirty miles, and still they were many miles in the distance. Dozens of times since then have I gazed at and studied their many hues and colors under different atmospheric conditions, and observed their changing contours from the north, east, south, and west as I traveled over the highways and mountain roads.

THE Ricks College faculty and students have made several expeditions into those mountains and have climbed several of the minor peaks. In 1925 they succeeded in scaling South Peak. Two years later, July 16, 1927, a company of twenty-three from the College, the writer being one of them, again scaled the South Peak. This was the largest company on record to scale any of the Tetons. Some of the ladies and one or two of the men had to be helped over the dangerous places.

In the morning at one of our resting places far down the slopes of those mighty

mountains, I made the boast that before the day was over, I would scale the Center Peak. I was told that it could not be done as the rocks were too rugged. One of the company had tried it before and failed. At 1:30 o'clock on top of the South Peak, I again announced my intention and invited anyone who had nerve to accompany me. Peculiarly enough the only other Christensens in the company, Irven and Morris (none of us related), followed me. We descended the South Peak to the Saddle and then ascended the Center Peak, holding mostly to the bottom of a couloir, reaching the top at 3:30 p.m. We found there the name of A. R. Ellingwood of Fairfield, Illinois, who scaled it in 1923. As far as records show he was the first to ascend it, and perhaps we were the second.

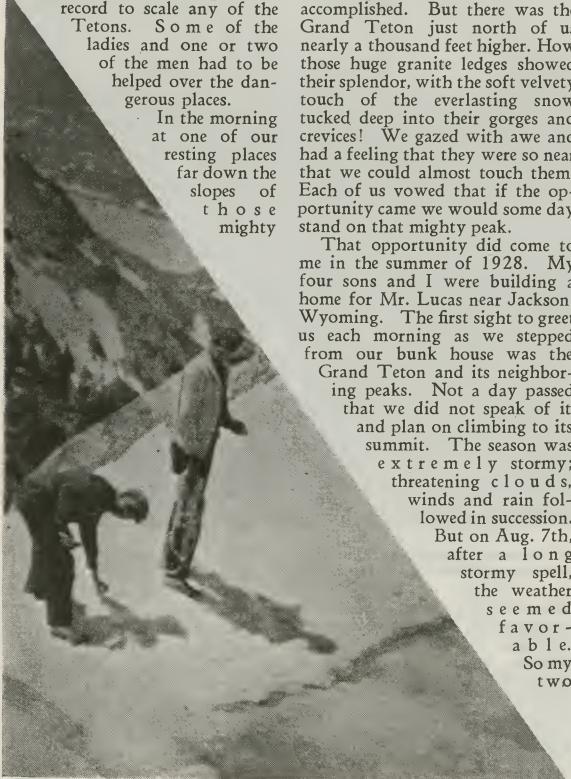
We were thrilled with the wonderful sight and with what we had accomplished. But there was the Grand Teton just north of us nearly a thousand feet higher. How those huge granite ledges showed their splendor, with the soft velvety touch of the everlasting snow tucked deep into their gorges and crevices! We gazed with awe and had a feeling that they were so near that we could almost touch them. Each of us vowed that if the opportunity came we would some day stand on that mighty peak.

That opportunity did come to me in the summer of 1928. My four sons and I were building a home for Mr. Lucas near Jackson, Wyoming. The first sight to greet us each morning as we stepped from our bunk house was the Grand Teton and its neighboring peaks. Not a day passed that we did not speak of it and plan on climbing to its summit. The season was extremely stormy; threatening clouds, winds and rain followed in succession. But on Aug. 7th, after a long stormy spell, the weather seemed favorable. So my two

sons, Harold and Cornell, and I packed our provisions and traveled to the foot of the Tetons just south of Jenny Lake.

There we carefully divided the blankets and provisions, giving to each a bundle of about 35 pounds to carry. That seemed light to start with, but I was sure mine weighed a hundred pounds before the day was over. For ten long hours we climbed those rugged slopes, reaching the top of the Saddle at 7:50 p.m. In the early part of the climb we followed a "Dude's" trail which led us up to the beautiful scenery around Lake Kinnikinnic and Amphitheater Lake. We found ourselves penned in with canyons and perpendicular cliffs on three sides and were forced to descend through steep rocky gorge about a thousand feet into Garnet Canyon, where we again resumed our upward climb.

AT timberline an argument arose as to whether we should camp there or go to the top of the saddle that day. The younger blood was in majority, so we chose the latter. From there on we each carried a stick of wood to make fires for our evening and morning meals. We thought we could see the Saddle from where we were, but on reaching the spot found it to be only a swell in the steep upward slope. The Saddle was still on a mile or more. We were tired. The road was rough—rocks and rocks and nothing much else but rocks, except a snow bank here and there. There was no soil nor vegetation, but everything barren and rough. Some of the peaks we could see in the morning and thought to be near the top were now far below us. We made our way around to the north of the large Middle Teton Glacier and then over a huge ledge just a short distance below the Saddle. There for the first time it became necessary to use ropes. I luckily chose the better course and succeeded in scaling it. But the other two found themselves trapped two-thirds the way up. They declared they could go no farther, neither dared they go back for fear of slipping and falling, it being much easier to find foot and hand holds climbing up than going down. I cast down my rope but it was a little too short. Harold, however, with a little effort, was



Climbing a Snow Field

"We ate breakfast in the early dawn."

able to reach the end and tie it to the rope of his bundle. Using then the two ropes and getting well braced I helped them to the top.

It was getting late. One mountain after another of the eastern ranges faded in the shadows. The sun was still shining on the Grand Teton at our right and on the Middle Teton at our left. I wanted to see the sun set, but was tired and my bundle was heavy. So I discarded my burden and scrambled over the huge boulders, using hands and feet, reaching the top of the Saddle just in time to see the round orange disk of the sun over the western horizon. I sat on a rock and watched it hide its face behind the Lost River Mountains (or perhaps it was the Saw Tooth Mountains in western Idaho) leaving the great Snake River Valley in a dingy haze. I next located our camp site behind a huge rock, which served as a shelter from the wind. By that time the other two had reached the top, and I returned for my bundle. That dark object down the hillside looked to be mine, but on reaching it, found it to be only a black slate rock among the many white granite ones. Then I saw and scrambled to another one, and another, each time to be disappointed. I became frightened as it was getting dark and I knew the night would be extremely cold without my coat, sweater and blankets. So I cried for help and the boys came to the rescue. Cornell being more keen in remembering the trail found it only a few yards from where I had once been in search of it.

Our rocky bed was hard and the night long. It was agreed that if either became tired lying on one side he should yell and we would all turn together. It seemed that one or the other was yelling all night. But morning came at last and we ate our breakfast in the early dawn just under the first snow bank where water was running, though a heavy crust had frozen on top of the snow.

BEFORE starting on the remaining and most hazardous part of our journey, through the suggestion of one of the boys, we knelt on that open mountain top in secret prayer asking for divine guidance. We traveled over the steep ridge to the north, then over Tepee's Glacier

and on to the second saddle. Tepee's Glacier was named after Theodore Tepee who lost his life there August 4, 1925, in his descent from the mountain, slipping, overturning and sliding to his death in the rocks below. Knowing of this accident, we were especially careful in securing good footholds in crossing these snow fields.

From the second saddle to the top we worked our way up through perpendicular cliffs on the west and then around to the south and up to the top. It was the most difficult, dangerous and thrilling experience I have ever imagined. At one place we were forced to lie flat and work our way across a narrow shelf of about fourteen to twenty inches wide and thirty feet long. It was even impossible to crawl on our hands and knees. Below was a precipice of about 2000 feet and above was an overhanging rock. Harold said, "Dad, if we fall now, we will be falling all the rest of our lives." At another place we had to hang with our hands and work our way across a 12 foot passage where there was practically no foothold. It was after passing this point that I almost gave up. The others told me later that they had similar thoughts. There we were clinging to a shelf on the side of a perpendicular wall thousands of feet in height. But I had made too many boasts to give up now.

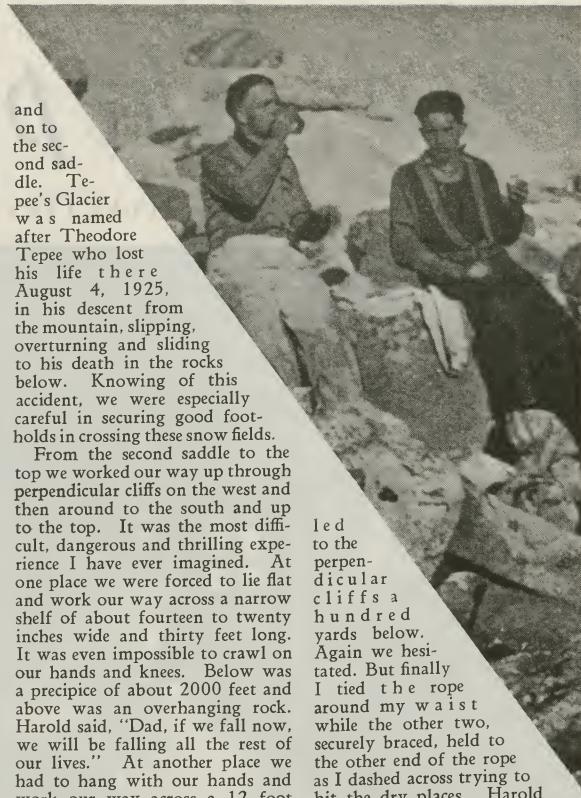
After exploring for a half hour through the ledges trying to find a passage way to the top, we returned to the bottom of a perpendicular crevice, which we learned later is called The Chimney. The boys gave me a boost, and I found a hold here and there, bracing myself between the two sides, as I ascended to a landing place about fifty feet above. The other two came up by aid of ropes.

A little later we were forced to cross a steep incline which was covered with slick ice and which

led to the perpendicular cliffs a hundred yards below. Again we hesitated. But finally I tied the rope around my waist while the other two, securely braced, held to the other end of the rope as I dashed across trying to hit the dry places. Harold and Cornell followed in the same way. Had we not had rubber soled shoes and ropes we never could have successfully reached the top.

WHAT a thrill as we reached the summit and stood on top of the world! The sky was clear, making it possible to see more than a hundred miles in each direction. The great stretches of forest lands, the fertile valleys with their checkered fields, the rolling mountain chains which faded away in the pale blue sky like the waves of a mighty ocean, each grasped our attention. Seventeen lakes and hundreds of glaciers and snow banks could be counted. Looking down into Cascade Canyon on the northwest we beheld an almost perpendicular drop of nearly a mile and a quarter. To the north-east was

(Continued on page 410)



Old Shep

By
A. M. DALTON



OURS was a log house. The dirt roof was green with weeds in the spring and rusty brown during the summer. The ends of the logs stuck out at the corners, so that one could climb to the top easy. We never did that though when dad was around because he said our feet made cups

for the rain to stay in 'till it leaked through the ceiling. The ceiling was of cheese cloth thickly covered with whitewash.

I remember one time when I had the measles. I was pretty sick at first. Then after I got a little better I amused myself by tracing strange designs from among the

scroll work of yellow lines and brown splotches caused by the rain. Mother put tubs and pans on the floor to catch the drip. Sometimes we had to move our beds at night.

Our house was a long one. It had three rooms built end to end. There was the east room, the

I put my arms around his neck and whispered just as fierce as I could, "Coyote, Coyote, Coyote."

Did you ever really, truly love a dog? Do you remember a childhood rich in home associations—a three-room log house, clean straw under the carpets, and a brother John, or Bill, or Ben—somebody older and wiser than you? If you have had all these things, then this is your story. If you haven't, well—you've missed "the airy days."



"I remembered how he used to go barking over the trail." . . .

kitchen; the middle room, the parlor. The west room was dad's and mother's 'till Grandpa and Grandma Miller came to live with us. I was the baby then.

One could walk in a straight line through the outer door into the kitchen clear into the west room. One time John fell out of an old high chair in the west room and broke his arm. Dad was pretty mad. He chucked that chair through all three doors without touching either side nor stopping until it reached the sage pile. Dad was handy with splints and bandages so he patched John up good as new.

I was six when they decided Shep was too old to live. I was lying on the floor near the stove in the middle room. It was soft there, and smelled nice and fresh. Mother and I had pulled the tacks along the edges of the carpet that day and raked and swept all the old straw from the floor and burned it up. Then we put some newly threshed in its place and tacked the carpet down tight over it. It sure made things comfortable. It was past my bed time, but I lay real still and nobody knew I was around. I would much rather, at least till everyone went to bed and left me alone in the dark.

The folks talked about things that happened that day, or what they expected was going to happen. I guess if Old Shep had kept still no one would have thought of him. But he howled. Such a long mournful, sad and weary song he sang. It made little shivers creep up my back and I crawled closer to dad's leg. It's funny how a sound can make you feel all scared and little that way.

"It will be pretty hard on Old Shep if he has to go through another winter," Dad said. None of the rest said anything, but I heard Gus move his chair like he was getting ready to go.

"It would be best if someone would put the old fellow away before it gets too cold. Don't you think so, Gus?" Dad suggested.

GUS was our hired man. He couldn't talk without swearing about every other word. I liked him though. I guess he liked me too, for he would play his fiddle and sing "Rubber Dolly" to me any time I asked him to.

"I'll have to go like heck, if I take that wheat to town and get back again tomorrow. The roads are gittin' pretty darned bad." Gus told Dad.

Dad asked my oldest brother. "How about you, Fred?"

"I'd rather not," Fred said.

Ike, he was our other hired man; he just grunted, and shook his head, so Dad put it up to John.

"Do you think it right to let that old dog suffer, John?" he asked my older brother.

I was wide awake and sitting up by that time. I didn't know what John would say. He thought as much of Old Shep as any of us, but if he decided Old Shep would be better off dead, he'd do it.

John wasn't mean, even if he did sometimes wallop me hard for not doing what he told me. He was sort of little but he did a man's work. He had freckles and a big mop of blond hair. He had blue eyes that laughed at you while he threatened to do all kinds of mean things, and he'd growl at you sure while he was doing something nice. I was never scared of him though. I loved John.

He sat with his cheeks in his hands for quite a while. At last he said without looking up, "All right, I'll do it."

I started to bawl right then. Dad picked me up on his lap, and tried to make me stop, but I couldn't.

"Why do you want to kill Old Shep?" I sobbed.

DAD explained to me all about it. He told me about the cold, and how Old Shep had rheumatism and distemper. How he would be miserable if he were allowed to live. He told me how sweet it would be in the place Shep would go when he left this world. How it would always be just warm enough and just cool enough and there wouldn't be any coyote traps to hurt his toes, nor ticks to make him itch, nor long trails to follow when he got too tired. I asked Dad if Old Shep was going to heaven. Dad said he felt sure he would.

"But what about Grandpa Miller? He's got rheumatism too. He can't even wiggle a toe. Why don't you kill him and let him go to heaven?"

Dad told me to "hush." Some day I would know the difference between the life of an old dog and that of an old man.

Perhaps some day I shall.

I felt quite a lot better about it there in Dad's arms. I decided I was maybe pretty small. Maybe

it would be better if Dad took care of me always. I remember he kissed me goodnight and spanked me just a little, and called me a funny little tyke before he put me to bed between Fred and John.

I dreamed that night. At least I guess it was a dream. I saw Grandma Miller just as she was the last time. I was with Grandpa and Grandma Benson then. They took care of me at the funeral. Grandpa Benson lifted me up so that I could see over the edge of the coffin. There was Grandma Miller as still and peaceful as could be. She had a little smile on her face. She looked happy, but somehow I felt glad that I wasn't in her place, even when Brother Warner told us how fine it would be in the world to which she had gone.

I enjoyed the ride to the cemetery very much. Grandpa Benson had the *biggest* pockets in his overcoat. He had them stuffed with yellow easter eggs, the kind I liked. As we rode along, old grey Susan pulling us, Grandpa told me all about Easter. What it meant and all that. I asked him if he thought Grandma Miller would be resurrected in three days. Grandpa was a Patriarch. He knew all about those things. He said it would make little difference to her whether she was resurrected in three days or three thousand years. In the place where her spirit went time didn't count for much. Grandma Miller's life would be too full of the work she had to do to worry about her physical embodiment. "Sometime, of course, she must have her body before she can attain perfection."

I didn't know much about it, but guessed it wasn't so bad after all. Even when they fastened some lines together and put Grandma down under the ground, I didn't cry like some of the older folks. The sun was shining, the birds were singing, the flowers were thick and full of color on the graves.

I must have gone to sleep then, for the first thing I knew it was morning. Mother was cooking hot cakes, trying to keep up with the men. The sun was bright in my eyes. I decided it was time to get up.

I had almost forgotten about Shep, until John went to the rack in the corner for the gun. He looked grim and sort of old, standing there with that rifle under his

arm. Then I remembered Old Shep. I knew I didn't want him to die, even if he was going to a better world. I ran to the door with the firm determination to howl until mother made John put the gun back, but I was too late. Already he was walking across the field with Old Shep hobbling after him on three legs—Old Shep lost three toes in a coyote trap, so he never used one hind leg only when he was in a big hurry. I could see their trails where they kicked the frost from the grass. I bawled as loud as I could, but John wouldn't hear me. Mother came and took me into the house. Mother was crying too, but she didn't make any noise. She cuddled me in her lap and laid her cheek down next to mine. I sobbed and lay there and thought of Old Shep.

I remembered how he saved me from a whipping one time when I used Dad's best saw to cut nails. Dad picked up a stick and was going to thrash me good, but Old Shep wouldn't let him come near me. Dad was pretty mad at first, but after he thought it over, he was so pleased he forgot all about me. Then there was the time with Old Tom Turkey. Old Tom had me down and was flogging me with his wings for all he was worth. I was sure scared. Old Shep came just in time.

I REMEMBER how he used to go barking over the trail after the sheep were corralled at night, to see that none were left out, and how he would growl and

act fierce when someone shouted "coyote" at him. I remembered the little white streak on his forehead and a broad band of white on his breast. His yellow eyebrows and brown eyes, that twinkled like Grandpa Benson's when he was happiest. I thought of his tattered ear all torn and drooping from a fight with a wildcat or coyote. I snuggled closer to mother so I couldn't hear the shot.

I lay there and pictured in my mind just what was taking place. Now John would be just at the brink of that little draw where the rain gushed through in the spring. Pretty soon he would be coming back alone. I cried.

After awhile I heard the door open and close again, and I heard John's steps go to the corner where the gun rack was. I turned around and saw him standing there with his head down. He tried to look like he didn't care, but I could see tears in his eyes. When he looked up his lips trembled just a little.

"The blamed gun wouldn't work," he mumbled.

Mother put her head down to mine, but I saw a smile on her face. John went to the door and when he opened it Old Shep came hobbling in. He seemed glad to be back from his morning's stroll. He smiled at me with his eyes. I put my arms around his neck and whispered just as fierce as I could, "Coyote, Shep, Coyote."

His scruff stood up like the quills on a porcupine, "Grrrrrr. Woof, Woof, Woof," he rumbled.

¶Victory! We've Conquered the Grand Teton

Continued from page 407

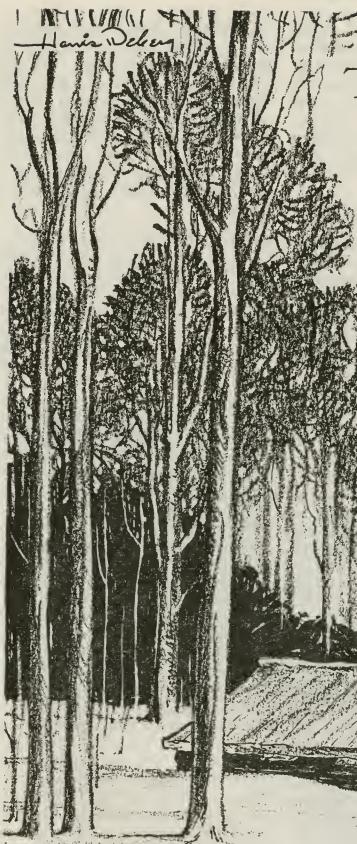
clearly outlined the great Jackson Lake and a part of the Yellowstone Lake farther off in the hazy north.

We spent an hour enjoying the grandeur of the scene and chiseling our names alongside the seventeen others found there. The official account gotten up by Fritiof Fryxell and so well outlined in his splendid little book, "The Teton Peaks and their Ascents," shows that there were twenty-seven who had scaled it before us, and that number has now increased to 162.

THEN came the thought of returning, but the Chimney was descended by aid of ropes, and the

other danger places did not seem as bad as when we first crossed them.

The rest of the descent was very rapid. At the Saddle we gathered up our camp outfit and again donned our packs. Sliding down the half-mile Glacier into Garnet Canyon was a thrill I shall never forget. The distance down the mountain seemed longer than going up. But at 7:30 p. m. we arrived again at our hidden car in the pines, tired and weary but happy. The Grand Teton had been conquered, our aims realized. In this mood we were soon chugging along the highway homeward bound.



THIS THING OF BEING *Unemployed*

By ONE WHO IS

This man from New Mexico went about solving his depression in his own way. He had to forego some luxuries, but he retained his independence and that's considerable.

A SCORE of years ago, my bride and I, in a popular car of the day, honeymooned our way along a bumpy, twisting road in the Southwest. Passing an adobe hut in a rocky canyon, she asked me, "How would you like to live there—like that?"

I glanced at the unpromising exterior, at the three lean burros standing idly in the dooryard, and at the owner of the place, a native Mexican, at work hoeing in a pitifully small corn field.

"Well," I replied, "I guess I would like it well enough if I did not know any better than to live there—like that."

We rolled on, happy in the

"Soon had up a snug three room cabin"

knowledge that we "knew better."

The years sped by and the family grew until we now have six children—the youngest just a little over a year old. We prospered in a moderate way, living well, spending as we earned—and sometimes before we earned.

The future looked bright. My line was promotion and development work. I extended my operations and grew haughty toward those who were kind enough to offer to advise and to allow me to profit by their wisdom. I grew greedy. I wanted more cars, more notice, more style, more "dog." I

grew to believe that my powers and ability were almost limitless; that I could almost achieve the impossible—and then the crash came.

For me, it came without warning. I had failed to observe the gathering clouds, or to realize their importance. Values fell. Backing for development was shut off. Options began to lapse. For months I struggled to hold on, hoping for a change. I retreated inch by inch at great cost to me, but in the end was whipped, and had to unload and get out from under to save myself from total ruin.

THE close of the year 1931 found me without holdings, and without prospects. More for-

tunate than many, I had been able to close out and to clear myself entirely of indebtedness. My assets were about five hundred dollars in cash, a good car, and some personal property consisting of furniture, books, typewriter, fair amount of clothing and so forth.

I felt that with this much of a start, I could easily get a fresh hold on affairs. I toured the country burning up a lot of good gasoline looking for a "deal" which I did not find. Then my wife and I went into a conference and decided that we would have to economize until the storm was over. We moved to a smaller place, and I decided to get a salaried "position" until I could do better. The idea was a good one, but everywhere I went I found that men were being turned off rather than being employed.

Another month went by and we had another conference. The result of this one was that we again moved to a smaller place—a very small one indeed. We agreed that conditions were becoming serious, and I began looking for a "job." Just any kind of a job that would bring in a dollar—or a dime. Also, we vowed to economize to the limit, to pinch every nickel—till it hurt, but to go in debt for nothing as long as we could scrape up a penny in ready cash.

Another few months went by, and my job hunting had, by early summer, netted me just twenty-two dollars. We had learned to patch our shoes and to make old clothes serve as they had never served before. We sold some of our furniture and silverware at give-away prices. We found that we were reasonably healthy on a diet of principally native beans selling at two cents per pound and bread made from a very cheap grade of flour.

BUT, in spite of our frugality, it seemed that the bread-line was staring us in the face. With a little less than five dollars in cash on hand, we decided that it was time to lie awake until we could discover some plan that would turn the tide. A little figuring showed us that for some time past, we had been actually living at a cost of five dollars per week for food for the eight of us. We reasoned that we could live a little better for the same amount if we could buy in quantity.

I had already been casting

around and knew where I could get two hundred and fifty dollars for the car. We saw where this amount would keep us fed for fifty weeks if we had no other expenses for rent, fuel, etc., and if we could patch up our clothes and make them last through. Perhaps with a year's grace we could manage something else.

But the question was how to get away from the item of rent. I had been raised on a mountain ranch and began to dream of finding a place on one where I could work out the rent, but this idea had to be cast aside, for we had no means of looking around—not the time. We had to have immediate action.

The solution came in a flash of almost divine inspiration. I remembered a tiny vein of ore in the mountains near a crystal stream. Abundant timber covered the hillsides. At one time, someone had done a little work on the vein and had apparently given it up as unpromising, but the mining laws would recognize my right to work on it, and would view it as my hard luck if I were foolish enough to do so.

We bought some gas and drove as close to the place as we could get with the car. From there I walked on up and staked out two claims—one for myself and one for my wife. We called at a small ranch a few miles away and arranged with the owner to haul our things out from town, arranging to give him a bureau and center table for his pay. Leaving the family at his place until my return, I drove back to town and sold the car.

Lest temptation begot the paramount issue of food, I immediately invested all but twenty dollars out of the two hundred and fifty received, in food and living essentials, vowing that the twenty dollars saved out would be used only in case of most dire necessity. For

the money, I was able to buy fifty sacks of flour, thirty sacks of potatoes, four sacks of beans, one sack of rice, eight sacks of sugar, one hundred and fifty pounds of lard compound, six cases of milk, a case of laundry soap, a few small items such as salt and spices. Not an inviting variety of eatables, but a comforting bulwark against actual hunger.

FROM this point on, our existence has been a sort of Swiss Family Robinson affair, humming with activity. A rather expensive buffet, now superfluous, was traded to the neighbor rancher for an axe, saw, hammer, pail full of old nails of assorted sizes, three window-sash he had in an old unused building, and the use of his team for a day or two to skid down our house logs. We cut the logs from our claims and soon had up a snug three-room cabin. It is a rough affair with dirt floor, and dirt roof with a bark thatching above, which, while temporary, will protect us nicely until next spring. A rock fireplace laid up in mud assures us of cheerful warmth for the winter and in the evenings now. Fuel, of course, is no object. Nor did it take us long to put up a rock room with dirt roof, to serve as a fireproof and frostproof store-room for our supplies.

Of course, I will have to do some mining in order to hold our claims. I do not expect the little showing of ore to develop into anything worth while—but it might. And we are physically comfortable and have a feeling of reasonable security. We are relieved of the frantic search for work, and the worry of existing through the coming winter. Our surroundings are beautiful, and we have relaxed to enjoy them.

In our flight from the desperate world of unemployment, our only thought was of refuge. The idea of opportunities would have seemed absurd. We did not reckon the unlimited supply of cottontail rabbits which we can get with snare or 22 rifle. We did not think of the trout in the stream which the younger children may hook without cost of a license. Goosberries grow abundantly in the canyons, as well as raspberries and strawberries on the higher levels. Wild celery and wild onions are worthy of notice for their seasoning values. Wild plums and chokecherries also add to our supplies.



"Salt Lake Valley in Winter"

I was also surprised to find that my engineering and business experience could be turned to good account. A neighboring rancher was in a difficulty over some mortgages, and by looking over the matter with him, I was able to give him some advice that saved him from a considerable loss. He is hard pressed financially, but he showed his appreciation by giving us a cow to milk for the summer, and also offering us the use of saddle horses whenever we want them.

I learned that a Dude Ranch in the vicinity wished to put in a small hydro-electric plant to furnish light, water, and power for their own use. With an instru-

ment borrowed from the local Forest Ranger, I was able to work up a set of plans for them; and as soon as the materials are on the ground, I will have the job of installation. The pay will not be at professional rates, but it will look handsome to me, who, so lately was vainly searching for a chance to earn a dime.

I hope to make a few dollars trapping coyotes and bob-cats this coming winter. One day I saw some coyotes chasing a deer. I wrote the story up and received five dollars for it. Other dollars may be drawn from a similar source. Perhaps some editor may even send me a little check for this article.

WHILE we are virtually living on the plane of the Mexican we spoke about on our honeymoon trip, we still feel that we "know better" and will be able to do better. For the present, we are enjoying the experience immensely. We regret that the children will be denied school privileges this coming winter, but we will have to make it our job to make it up insofar as possible with home study.

The apparent turn of the tide in our favor, is already causing us to dream of developing other sources of income, as yet unthought of. We have begun to budget our income, both actual and prospective. We plan first to get in a supply of coal-oil so that we may have a reading light in the evenings. We look forward to adding to our supply of provisions with some dried fruits and bacon, and perhaps other such "luxuries." We have even spoken of a garden for next spring—perhaps a few chickens.

We even peer into the future for a ray of hope that we may some day be able to own a place of our own. A regular little mountain ranch where we may develop this new type of existence along the lines of our new ideas of physical, mental, and cultural fitness. But all this only when we can pay the cash down as we go. Our recent experience has taught us the blessing of being out of debt, to be able to spend what we have on ourselves rather than to have to give it to someone else on a debt.

We have experienced a complete readjustment of our sense of values and view point of life. We have learned the worth of simple, honest labor. We know the joy of relief, relaxation and content. As was never before possible, we now appreciate the vital importance of those basic fundamentals—food and shelter. The life which we lived in the past has lost its appeal. We have something better.

This thing of being unemployed is to us, then, a stepping stone to a more substantial and satisfying place in life. And we are sailing blithely along with only one wee worry to cast its trembling shadow across our path. Try to banish it as we may, it ever returns, for we know that circumstance is so very, very perverse, and this fool mine may yet prove to be a bonanza.

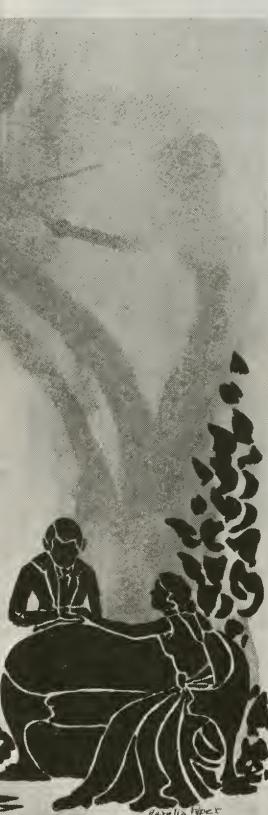
Fencing Masters

By Aurelia Pyper

SO cleverly
We fenced, with word and
glance,
And thrust, with laughter used
In place of lance;

So skillfully
We fenced, with no tricks
bared,
We would not know each other it
We met off guard.

So footsloshy
We fenced, I wonder what
A difference it would have made
If we had not.



Forever or Never

By Captain

TRUE BANHEARDT
HARMSEN

THE prologue to this story was published last month and should be read first. In it Louise Stone was introduced. After a consultation with her bishop she decided to assist her fiance, John Alder, in order that he might remain on his mission until given an honorable release. In order to make her small salary stretch sufficiently to enable her to send the missionary ten dollars a month, she decided to cut down on her stocking expense.

Now you may go on with the story.

PART ONE

CHAPTER ONE

JOHN ALDER, dark complexioned, average height and weight, neither good nor bad looking, watched the train pull away. His deep set brown eyes were troubled as they swept the station, and saw no familiar faces. One came home from a mission to Holland only once, and it seemed no more than right that one should be met.

Surely Louise had received his telegram, but where was she? Was it possible that her heart had cooled? Now that he thought of it, her letters had gotten farther and farther apart as the months had lengthened into years. Two and a half years is a long time to be away. "Out of sight, out of mind," some wisecracker had said. But another had said that absence makes the heart grow fonder. "For

somebody else," the inevitable purveyor of witty remarks had added. But shucks, Louise was still wearing his ring. Perhaps she was sick, or working.

He shrugged his shoulders, square and strong, a regular battering-ram on the football field, now slightly sloping from hours spent in study, gathered up his three bags, and went slowly through the station.

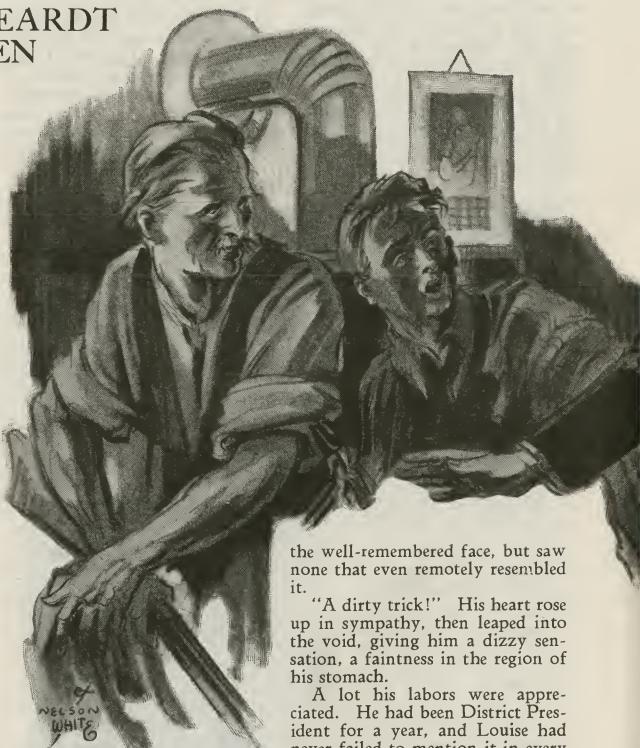
He called a taxi, gave his home address, and climbed in. The taxi pulled away, and he searched the sidewalks and approaching cars for

the well-remembered face, but saw none that even remotely resembled it.

"A dirty trick!" His heart rose up in sympathy, then leaped into the void, giving him a dizzy sensation, a faintness in the region of his stomach.

A lot his labors were appreciated. He had been District President for a year, and Louise had never failed to mention it in every letter, voicing her pride in his achievements, congratulating him for being chosen to preside over twenty-three missionaries and nearly six thousand saints. "What a responsibility!" she had termed it. Yes, she must be proud of him, as proved by the warm welcome she had given him as he stepped from the train.

SECRETLY, he had longed to grasp her in his arms, crush her to him, taste her soft, full lips again—after all these years—and unconsciously he had



molded his thoughts upon the gratification of this single longing. He had, without realizing it, deliberately neglected to notify his parents of the time of his arrival, and had warned Louise not to give it away, so that he could lavish his entire affection on the girl he had left behind him, and whom he expected to marry.

"Was your sacrificing to keep me on a mission teaching mankind to keep the Lord's day in vain?"



Now that Louise had failed to meet him, he suddenly named it a lonely world, an unfriendly world, a cold, hard, cruel old world. Not a single familiar face at the station! No one to welcome him! No one wanting him! He wished he had remained in the mission field. Somebody always met him there—the elders, or some of the saints. There it was so friendly, always shaking hands and saying how glad they were to see one another, and meaning it, too!

A great emotion of despair, homesickness for Holland, self-pity, swept over him. Disappointment thoroughly convinced him that nobody cared for him. The taxi stopped, interrupting his morbid thoughts.

"Seventy cents," announced the driver, gathering up the bags.

John stepped out, handed over the money, sighed tragically, and followed his bags toward the house.

His mother was standing in the

door. Irene, his ten year old sister, was at her side. He chuckled grimly as he realized that they did not recognize him with his derby hat.

HE was nearly to the porch, when the screen door was thrown violently open, and mother and sister rushed from the house, and almost bowled him over with their greeting. His mother was sobbing as though her heart were breaking, her arms about the young man, her hands patting his back; little Irene was holding fast to a hand, jumping up and down, screaming. Neighbors came to their doors, recognized him, shouted warm greetings, and soon the front yard of the Alder home was swarming with them, welcoming him home, asking how he liked his mission, how he liked the Dutch; if they really wore wooden shoes; if there were big windmills there or was that sort of stuff only in pictures, and did the dykes ever break, and did they fish in the canals in summer and skate on them in the winter, and what did they give him to eat, and was he glad to be home, and was he a District President like they had heard, and how was the economical situation in Holland, Switzerland, Russia?

For an hour bedlam reigned. What a welcome! People who, before he had gone on his mission, were ice-cold, now were calling him by his first name, asking him if he remembered Nelly, or Jimmy, or Ann, or Iris, or David, inviting him over.

His disappointment gave way to confusion but the bitterness in his heart remained and like gall seasoned the words he heard, making them equally bitter. Funny they should change so suddenly. They had predicted no good end for him before he had gone on his mission, had pointed an accusing finger of scorn at him because he had smoked, and now they were treating him like a conquering hero. Did they mean it? Was it a sham? The bitterness in his heart dubbed them hypocrites, and he doubted them.

CHAPTER TWO

THE neighbors finally went home, and Mrs. Alder and Irene had him to themselves. His mother kept flinging questions at him from the kitchen where she

was preparing supper; Irene was trying to show him her new doll, her new dress, her pretty handkerchief with the flowers on it, the skinned place on her knee from roller skating, the scar on her arm from her vaccination; and he was trying to tell them of the converts he had made, of the pie that could not be found in Holland, of the cheese, the "shoo" in which potatoes are dipped before eating.

His brother and father arrived home at last, coming in the back way. Mrs. Alder told them nothing, and they were not aware that John was home. They were talking excitedly of a deer hunting expedition for the following day. John gathered that all arrangements had been made to leave about four-thirty the next morning and return again late that night.

"I've been wanting to go deer hunting for so long I can't remember!" joyously sang out his seventeen year old brother. "I sure wish John was here to go with us!"

John went to the kitchen. His father was just hanging the towel up behind the stove. He dropped the towel, and gripped Harry tightly. They both stared, then bumped into each other as they rushed to John, and took him roughly in their arms.

"Son! Oh, John! It sure is good to have you home!"

"Sure is!" echoed Harry.

"Well, why don't you say something?" Mr. Alder released his son and stepped back, a puzzled look on his face. Then a frightened gleam entered his dark eyes, and his face grew stern. "You were released with honor?"

"Oh, of course," John grinned. "I was District President. What could make you think otherwise? But I am disappointed. Did I hear you two talking about going deer hunting tomorrow?"

"Why, yes," Mr. Alder smiled. "Hurrah!" Harry shouted.

"Now John can go with us!"

"Not tomorrow!"

"Why not?" both chorused.

"It's Sunday!"

"Well?" There was a challenge in Mr. Alder's voice.

"Ah, gee whiz!" Harry shivered as though cold water had drenched him. "What's wrong with that? We're both working every day in the week, and Sunday is the only chance we got to go deer hunting. Sunday school and church come

(Continued on page 418)

Editorial

J. Reuben Clark, Jr.

THE biography of J. Reuben Clark, Jr., might well bear one of the titles so dear to biographers' hearts—"From Grantsville to Greatness," "From Farm to Fame," "Up From the Soil, but Unsoldioed"—and any of these would truly be indicative of the events which have followed one another to make the life which has been his.

His parents, Joshua Reuben and Mary Louise Woolley Clark, were pioneers of Tooele County, and both were descendants of worthy forebears, those on his father's side having figured in the Civil and Revolutionary War. J. Reuben himself added to the record of his people during the World War, for which service he was accorded the right to the title "Major," and for which he was awarded the distinguished Service Medal by Congress.

J. Reuben Clark, Jr., was born in Grantsville, his early years being spent on the farm. The elementary schools of the locality provided his primary education and the preparatory department of the L. D. S. some further work. He was of age before he had the opportunity of entering High School, but he made up for the delay, graduating four years later not only from high school but with a degree of Bachelor of Science. During these years he was working out of school, as well, having been chosen by James E. Talmage, above all the rest of the students, to take charge of the Deseret Museum, then being installed in the Templeton Building. The young man was paid an amount which today would be considered nominal, but his father, conscientious and honest in the extreme, called upon the curator of the Museum to ask, confidentially, if his boy were really considered worth the amount being paid him, and if his work were justifying the amount. At the University of Utah he acted as secretary to Dr. Talmage, President of the institution. In this field as well as all others he entered, it was said of him that he proved that he possessed not only ability but dependability, which is equally, or more, important to success.

Married to Luacine Savage, daughter of the dearly beloved C. R. Savage of early Salt Lake days, J. Reuben Clark found the true meaning of the word "helpmeet," for that is what his wife has been to him, in the fullest sense. Their children, Louise, Marian, J. Reuben III and Luacine, have been reared in a home influence unusual even in a Church of ideal homes. Not a little of the success of Brother Clark is due to the tranquility



and sweetness of his home where he could turn to find strength to go forth into the world of men and important affairs, and conquer.

For five years after his graduation, he taught in the schools of Utah—L. D. S. U., Salt Lake Business College, and the Southern Branch of the State Normal at Cedar City. His contacts while in the educational field made for him many and enduring friendships.

During the years of his schooling and teaching, the study of law had been an ever present dream, and in 1903 he entered the School of Law at Columbia University. He found his work in that line, and from that day forward he has proved conclusively that it was the right field for his endeavors. Rising rapidly and high, his physical strength and sturdy constitution made it possible for him to accomplish more than the average man could do, and his abilities were not slow in commanding recognition. While in school he was accorded positions of honor, granted only on merit of excellent scholarship. Dr. James B. Scott, Professor at Columbia, was attracted by his work, and during vacation

periods secured Reuben's help in preparing, compiling, and annotating a book since used as a text in many schools of law. Upon his graduation he was employed by Dr. Scott, who had become Solicitor for the Department of State of the United States. Soon after this, Clark was made Dr. Scott's official assistant in this field, a position significant, for it was eloquent acknowledgment of the attainments of a man comparatively young. For four years he held this position, marking it with noteworthy accomplishments in cases extremely difficult, many of them involving tremendous amounts of money as well as complicated international questions and decisions. At the end of this period the Secretary of State recommended his appointment in Dr. Scott's place as Solicitor, and the appointment was made by President Taft. A quotation from the *Deseret News* of Feb. 18, 1933, says, "The Solicitor is technically an officer of the department of justice, ranking as an assistant Attorney General, and designated for work in the department of state. As a matter of law, he is the chief law officer for the department of state, and all legal questions arising in connection with the department of state, both as they affect the government of the United States and as they affect other governments, are referred to him for opinion."

Many other posts of varying degrees of honor, but all calling for unusual talent, were given him:

Editorial

his work while in Washington was one of the finest examples of missionary work ever done, for he preached Mormonism in every act of his life; and those who knew him well were convinced that only a superior Church could command the devotion of this superior man.

During the period at which Dwight W. Morrow was serving as Ambassador to Mexico, Major Clark assisted him, following his work as Under-secretary of State for the U. S. Upon Mr. Morrow's resignation, Mr. Clark was placed in charge of American affairs in Mexico, and later received the appointment as Ambassador. At this time the eyes of the entire nation were turned upon him, but pry as they would, they could find only good and able qualities and qualifications. The papers of the country were filled with laudatory comments, all of which were justified by the work of Ambassador Clark in Mexico. Concerning his work there, an American citizen who had lived in Mexico for a score of years said, in calling upon A. E. Bowen, partner at law with Reuben Clark, that the Clarks were the best loved of all those who had been in the Mexican Embassy within his memory.

In this man we see the strength, the devotion, the honor of his parents—his father loyal, honest and hard-working; his mother spiritual, loving and inspirational, one of the true mothers of Israel. The home influence which surrounded him has borne its fruits.

Those people in Utah who have known Reuben Clark and watched his career with interest feel that they are to have a share of him now. Native Utahns are proud to name him as one of them who has gone beyond them in achievement. They are proud to feel that he has seen the world, but has found that home is best!—E. T. B.

Courage and Confidence

PRESIDENT FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT has proposed as a sort of slogan for America the two words—"Courage and Confidence." These words are keynotes from which he hopes all America will take the pitch for the national song during this coming year.

Calling to his assistance the marvelous powers of the talking pictures, President Roosevelt has appeared in nearly every picture palace in America and has talked face to face with millions of the American people, and during that talk he has reiterated the importance of this new American song to American peers everywhere—Courage and Confidence.

There will be a small minority of Americans—men and women called by that noble name—who are so warped by propaganda, or who are so partisan in their views that they will do all in their power to tear down the morale which the President is attempting to build up. Such people should be ignored, not argued with, for the great heart of America found in the millions

of honest, hard-working, idealistic people of the open country and the smaller cities, is sound.

If Americans everywhere will cling firmly to ideals rather than to selfish dreams of affluence and ease this new President of ours may show us the way to a greater America.—H. R. M.

Jacob Hamlin Points the Way

IN this time of readjustment, men are casting about for a basis upon which to reorganize business, both domestic and international. They are beginning to wonder if selfish reprisals, sharp bargaining, and craft can lead any nation to happiness, for they have found that "the kingdom of God" is within; that it cannot be outside until it is inside. Men live inside of themselves. If their souls are full of sunshine, then the world is beautiful and sunny. If souls are filled with hate or suspicion or craft, then they are likely to find the world built after that pattern.

The parents who have selfishly struck sharp bargains and have allowed their thirst to overrule their honesty in order that their children might have luxury and ease, in many cases have been sadly disappointed. Children so treated often become more selfish than their parents and in many cases have even turned against their parents.

Jacob Hamlin is said to have been strictly honest in his dealings with the Indians. Here is his story adapted from "The Story of Utah," by John H. Evans.

Jacob had a horse which he wished to trade for Navajo blankets. One day he placed his twelve or fifteen year old son on another horse and sent him leading the horse for trade to an Indian camp fifteen miles away. He was instructed to trade the horse for blankets and to return with them. He was told to strike a good bargain.

When the boy told the Indian his mission, the Indian went into his tepee and brought out an armful of blankets and laid them down. The boy shook his head in negation. The Indian smiled knowingly and disappeared in the tepee again. Presently he returned with another bundle of blankets.

Jacob, Jr., tied the blankets to his saddle and went home. When he appeared before Jacob, Sr., the Indian Scout shook his head. "Jake," said he, "you got too many blankets. You'll have to take some of them back."

Jake remonstrated, but his father insisted. When Jake approached the tepee in the desert, he could see the Indian waiting for him. A broad smile was on the Indian's face. Jake threw the blankets down.

"Father sent these back," he said.

"I knew you would come back; Jacob Hamlin your father;" was the unexpected reply, "he my father, too, and the father of us all," pointing to his fellow Indians. "He heap honest man."

—H. R. M.

"And Louise went without silk stockings to save money so she could give mama ten dollars every month to help keep you on your mission . . . I sure like her," Irene announced.



(Continued from page 415)

every week, but deer hunting only once a year. Don't be like that.

"Sunday is the Lord's day," announced John in a hollow voice, as though pronouncing sentence upon a criminal, "and must be halted. Was your sacrificing to keep me on a mission, teaching mankind to keep the Lord's day, in vain? Were your actions hypocritical? Don't you love the Gospel, the Church? Then keep the commandments!"

Mr. Alder's face turned red, then white. Harry stared open-mouthed. They looked at each other, then back at John. John started to say more, but his father gestured. "Harry, put the guns away," he said. Harry went to obey, but if looks could have killed, John would have dropped dead.

John was secretly amused. He'd make them live their religion, or know the reason why.

CHAPTER THREE

LATER in the evening, Louise Stone came. As she stood in the door, John felt as though his lungs could not get enough air into them. She was slightly taller now, five foot three, he judged, but she was too slender, not more than a hundred fifteen. Should be a hundred twenty-five or over—or was that Dutch women? He grinned. Her hair was neither blond or brunette, but a soft brown, and her blue-green eyes were shining. Her cheeks were red, and her face looked smooth and soft, lovely. He wanted to touch it. Then he saw how low her sport dress was cut in front, that she had no stockings on.

She advanced, one hand on a hip, the other held in front of her. She sort of bounced as she moved toward him.

John stood as though turned to stone, or too frightened to move. He felt weak, and sick, at the stomach. She stopped in front of him, glanced into his eyes, then looked down, the very picture of a bashful young maiden. John looked at her closely. Her eyebrows were too narrow—plucked. Black gobs of something were sticking to her long lashes—what was the name of that stuff, oh, yes, mascara—and her eyelids were darkened. Her face was like wax, the red in her cheeks too bright, and her lips were too red, and sticky looking.

"Oh! Are you home?" her soft voice swept up the scale, and she gave him one of those come-hither

looks. "Aren't you glad to see me?"

"I'd like to see you," John retorted. "Why didn't you leave that mask home? How can you stand that rotten stuff on your face? The women of Holland don't use that stuff, decent women don't; they're proud of their own complexion. Where are your stockings?"

"Oh!" Louise laughed, but her eyes looked hurt. "So Johnny is a *turned* reformer. Naughty, naughty! Mustn't use paint or powder! Johnny would rather see a shiny nose!"

"Why didn't you meet me?" John failed to keep the bitterness out of his voice.

"Oh, so that's what's eating you?" Louise countered. "Well, I just came from the station. You should learn to read a time table correctly."

"Don't look at me like that!" John was working himself up. "You can't hypnotize me with your gummy eyes, nor your thinned eyebrows. From the paint on your face, it's funny you don't paint your teeth, or your fingernails."

"Oh, I do!" Louise sang, wriggled her shoulders and raised her hands, palms down, for inspection. The fingernails were red. "But the paint won't stay on my teeth," she finished.

"Oh, yes! How do you know it won't?"

"I tried it."

"Oh," groaned John, "is there nothing these women won't try? Why do they do it?"

"Now, Johnny," the voice was soft, low, magnetic, "you were no angel when I last saw you. You were * * *."

"Stop!" he fairly shouted the word. "I know I used to swear and smoke, but you are not going to rub it in. I have repented, and you should do the same. You look like a window trimmer's painted wax dummy. I wish that I had my dream Louise back again. The good, sweet, pure girl of my dreams. I wish I had all of my old dreams back. My girl is a flapper; my own folks want to go hunting on Sunday; my friends are so changed, and the neighbors are hypocrites."

"So!" Louise's eyes looked black. "So I'm not a good girl any more? Well, you know where you can go. That for you!" She snapped her fingers under his nose,

whirled about and ran to the door. She turned again, and said: "I had arranged a welcome home party for you tonight, but I suppose you won't come now."

SHE slammed the door. John appealed to his mother with his eyes, but she avoided him. His father went into the kitchen, Harry gave him a resentful look, and stuck his nose in a book. He sat down on the couch. Irene sat down beside him, leaning her head against him. He put an arm around her. How out of place he was. How changed everybody was. Irene was tugging at his arm. He looked at her.

"And Louise went without silk stockings to save money so she could give mama ten dollars every month to help keep you on your mission, and she said mama should never tell you." Irene looked at him with shining eyes. "Papa had his wages cut, and if it hadn't been for that you would have had to come home a year ago. I sure like her." Irene announced. "You should ought to hear her sing 'Did You Think to Pray.'"

Did you think to pray? His heart hurt him. Again his lungs felt too small. He needed more air. He went outside. Three blocks down Louise lived. She had arranged a party for him, and he wouldn't be there. Paint and powder would wash off, but character stuck. No one had said anything about that ten dollars. It had made it possible for him to stay and be a District President. Most people would have let him know about it, she had kept still. She was ultra-modern, might be called a flapper, yet his heart refused to name her that—not after learning of that monthly ten dollars.

He walked the three blocks, went up the walk, and stood on the porch. He heard laughter and low voices from a porch swing in a corner. Inside was music, loud talking, laughter. He went in. Many of his old friends were there. They gathered about him, shouting. Nick Trumball, his high school football sidekick, pushed him into a chair, and braced a pair of wide shoulders in front of him.

"Louise said you were sick and wouldn't be coming," he said. "Leave it to that girl to pull the unexpected. She is one hundred percent."

"Where is she?"

"Around somewhere," Nick replied. "Look for the crowd, and you'll find her in the middle. She is okay, what I mean."

Some girls pulled him out of the chair. He was whirled from one pair of feminine arms to another as they danced to the radio. He stuffed himself with punch and sandwiches and cake. It was good to have these things. In Holland one could not get them—not like this. After a few more dances, he went outside on the dark porch. Apparently no one missed him. The girl at his side cuddled against him. They leaned against the wall. She held her lips up expectantly. He shuddered. Why not—now? A sigh from that porch swing, then Louise's low voice laughing.

JOHN thrust the girl away from him, and strode to the corner. Louise was in the swing with Biff Randolph. He remembered Biff. His baby face, dark wavy hair, soulful blue eyes, magnificent shoulders, and tall muscular body had made him the school lady-killer. Louise laughed up at him, then stiffened.

He reached down, grasped Louise by the arm and pulled her out of the porch swing. Biff got slowly to his feet.

"What does this mean?" he demanded of John. "Oh, 'scuse me Reverend, didn't know there were preachers about." He turned to go.

John glared at Louise. Light from a window streamed full in her face. He saw that her lipstick was smeared. A smile twitched the corners of her mouth.

"You still wearing my ring?" John felt the rush of hot resentment, saw specks floating before his eyes.

No answer, but her hand came up. A small diamond was on the ring finger of the left hand. "Is this the way you are true to me?" he growled throatily.

"You don't understand," Louise replied softly, "it . . ."

"I guess I understand all right," John rasped. "I saw and heard enough. You surely were doing your stuff. You—you—"

"I'm kinda out of practice since you been gone," she put a hand on his arm. "You taught me how to pet. I think it's nice. You could do it so much better than anyone else." She grew serious. "I've

(Continued on page 423)



To Mother

By Glenn G. Smith

MOTHER, as the years come and go
And your hair becomes whiter,
Your eyes a bit dimmer,
Your step more slow,
Your voice softer
And your love greater,
We see in you the most wonderful of
women.
Your moral, holy and devoted love
Has inspired us to those lofty
And high ideals
So beautifully portrayed in your life.
It is with righteous pride
We your children call you mother.
May we ever bring honor to your name.
May the high ideals for which you have
lived
Be emulated in our lives,
That we may with sincere devotion to you
Carry on those ideals.



Lilacs in The Rain

By Dorothy Buchanan

I THINK the thing that gives me sweetest pain
Is being close to lilacs in the rain.
While walking through a quiet village street,
Away from cities' glare and torpid heat,
I notice softest rain is slipping down
Upon the leaves new opened all around.
And then that fragrance from a blossomed lane—
A breath of heaven—lilacs in the rain.



You Fed Me When I Hungered

By S. S. Schnetzler

AT dusk, some day, I'll cross a fearsome street
To mount a golden stair where shuffling feet
Of grey earth's great have trod the lonely way
Which leads through Death's dark night to Heaven's day.

Outside a towering door I'll pause to hear
The sweet, gay laughter of that vaster sphere.
I'll listen while your comrades praise and bless
The deathless solace of your loveliness.
At last I'll swing the door with trembling hand,
A homeless stranger in a sainted land,
And, as of yore, you'll smile and greet me there
With "Just in time. Come on. Draw up a chair."

My Apple Tree

By Margaret Walker Roper

A ROBIN is singing in my apple tree.
And as he sings and swings it seems to me
My heart will burst with the same joy,
as he
Is singing of, in my apple tree.
The wind is sighing in my apple tree,
And as the petals fall it seems to me
That my life is the same, perhaps it must be
As changing as the wind in my apple tree.
A blackbird is chirping in my apple tree.
His plaintive notes sound so to me.
Perhaps even his life is not so free
As one would expect in my apple tree.



Spring Lure

By LaRene King Bleecker

SOME glamorous, lovely, wonderful thing
Enamors my eyes. O joy! It is Spring!
Sun-glistening emeralds, hints of green
Cloud shadows drifting in smoke-spiralled rings.
Fields that were white stained with brown
Followed earth, the light of strained faces—the joy of re-birth.
Some glamorous, lovely, wonderful thing
Enamors my ears. O joy! It is Spring!
Symphonies, bird concerts, melodies gay,
Happy-time laughter of children at play.
The lit of the river; the whirring of wings;
My Mother's low voice, the song that she sings.

Some glamorous, lovely, wonderful thing
Enamors my heart. O joy! It is Spring.
Earth bares her bosom, her brown, rugged breast,
While Spring, all in tears, lays her cheek there to rest.
Flings to the zephyrs her trailings of green,
Spreads all the earth with a shimmering sheen.

Some glamorous, lovely, wonderful thing
Enamors my soul. O joy! It is Spring!

Sonnet

By Rosannah Cannon

THIS is the time I feared, when every place
Cries of your absence, here the little vase
You brought me filled with daffodils
stands bare
Forever empty now to haunt me, there
The chair you liked, your books so worn
and dear,
Almost * * * almost I see you here,
At home once more, before the dreadful pain
Reminds me you will not return again.

That day in spring, we searched the upper wood
For violets, you thought that nothing could
Mar our bright dream, yet even then in me,
Something cold stirred. * * * This cannot always be!
And suddenly I wept, so faint and numb,
Knowing the end to which all dreams must come.



Resurrection

By Ruth Wright

THE world was steeped in heat
And oily drops,
A-weary of the burning sun;
When night tripped softly in
The burning sky,
And said to earth,
"Breathe freely, day is done."

The world was soaked in damp
And dewy dark,
Unconscious in the silent gloom;
When day erased with light
The faded stars,
And said to earth,
"Rise gladly from your tomb."



Home Lights

By Cristel Hastings

I WOULD go adventuring
Across the bounding main—
My ships would sail the seven seas
And then begin again!

I would climb the highest hill
That lies beyond the town,
The sun would move from east to west
Before I ventured down.

I would find a winding road
To lead me through a wood,
And I would breathe the fragrance where
A whispering pine tree stood.

I would go adventuring
Across the blinding blue—
But when night came I'd set my sails
For home's bright shore—and you!

As our poets know, we are going to award a special prize to one whose poem, in the opinion of our judges, ranks highest. All of the poetry of the year will be considered; the prize will be awarded after the volume closes. We'll be glad to have our readers cast votes for the best poem in each magazine. Why not tell us which *YOU* like best?

Silver Linings

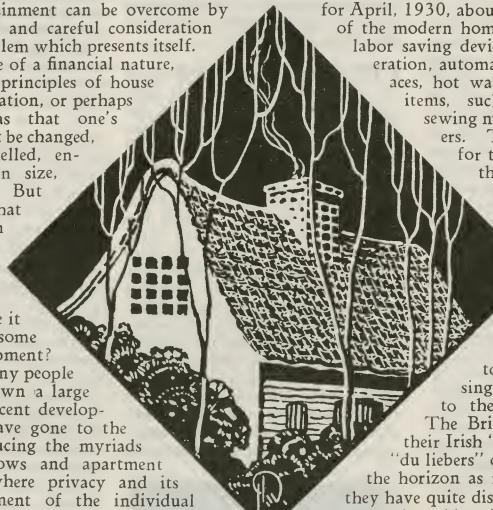
SIMPLE MEANS TO BETTER HOUSING

By CLAIRE W. NOALL

To have a home which is comfortable, restful, and favorable to the intimacies of family living is one of the finest of human accomplishments, and one which is within the reach of most people. Many of the obstacles which stand in the way of such an attainment can be overcome by thoughtful planning and careful consideration of the particular problem which presents itself. The problem may be of a financial nature, or ignorance of the principles of house furnishing and decoration, or perhaps a fixation of ideas that one's dwelling place cannot be changed, either to be remodelled, enlarged or reduced in size, according to need. But with the realization that nowhere are human relationships so vitally affected as in the home, should not everything possible be done to make it conducive to wholesome growth and development?

Some years ago many people were ambitious to own a large elaborate house. Recent developments in housing have gone to the other extreme, producing the myriads of box-like bungalows and apartment houses of today, where privacy and its consequent development of the individual have almost vanished. There are reasons for this great change.

Broadly speaking, no house should cost more than about two and one-half times the annual income. Finance companies for home ownership have estimated that a house which goes beyond this figure is not possible to obtain without undue strain and anxiety, for obvious reasons, maintenance and upkeep, as well as the purchase price. Therefore, according to statistics, most people should occupy houses which cost five or six thousand dollars or less, and more often than not, much less—the corollary, restricted size. However, this fact need not exclude our ideal of beauty and comfort in living. It does leave out from our consideration the "modest little home which can be reproduced for sixteen or twenty thousand dollars" that so many popular architectural and landscape



magazines illustrate, but we are not here concerned with minority elegance.

Another reason for small houses is, that according to Henry Wright's study, which Lewis Mumford summarizes in the "American Mercury" magazine for April, 1930, about 25% of the building cost of the modern home goes into its mechanized labor saving devices, namely, electric refrigeration, automatic stokers, gas or oil furnaces, hot water heaters, and additional items, such as washing machines, sewing machines, and vacuum cleaners. This figure seems too high for the number of conveniences that are placed in the average home. But women cannot do without at least some of them; they are the solution to the 20th century servant problem. With so many places to go and so much that is interesting to do, women, who nowadays have to tackle their housework single-handed, will not go back to the old fashioned methods.

The Bridgets and Gretchens with their Irish "beddads" and their German "du liebers" of the past are no longer on the horizon as recruits for menial service; they have quite disappeared, hence mechanical housekeeping aids. They are not luxuries but necessities.

But what about this large expense item that rolls up as the result of their installment? It has merely replaced so many cubic feet of space in house measurements. Houses are specified according to their number of cubic feet. Electricity has vanquished over-sized dimensions, and gone are the high ceilings and other back-breaking offenders to the humane laws. Apparently people prefer to live in an amount of space which can be easily and inexpensively heated, and which can be shined up in a hurry.

ALTHOUGH many houses do not contain these wonder-working inventions, in spite of their great advantages, their size and architecture seem to accord with those that do, and the bungalow is in vogue everywhere. How would it be to make a protest against the uniformity of these stock patterns

in houses, and work for a little character and individuality in them, without, however, sacrificing anything in simple dignity? And how would it be to see that our houses are large enough to take care of growing children, who all too often have no place to go when they are at home. Let us not make them long to have some place to go to get away from the confusion of living all in a jumble. Even the small house must be a sanctuary for good living. Consequently it should provide some place of retirement for each member of the family. Hard to do? Yes. But not impossible. Eliminate dining rooms, halls, expensive woodwork, hardwood floors, and any other luxury that is necessary to make room for some little nook where privacy and the integrity of the individual can be fostered. This does not necessarily mean a separate bedroom for each child, but some place where children's playthings can remain unmolested until the object of their play has been completed, and where the conglomerate litter of books, papers, clothes and sundries which adolescents accumulate can remain static and uncriticized (for a time at least) while aspirations and day dreams take shape.

NOW, how are we going to get this needed seclusion and space and yet keep the cost of our houses properly placed on our ledgers? One way is to make a new list of essential requirements for a house, and to plan for their accomplishment. This is more easily done in building a new house than in remodeling, but where there are remodeling possibilities, they are usually the least expensive change to make in housing arrangements.

In one home a twelve by sixteen foot screened porch was converted into a combination sun room and bedroom with south and west windows. Oak flooring was laid, and the walls were plastered and painted. A thirty inch partition was taken off the east wall, in which a built-in chest of drawers, a cedar-lined clothes closet, and a fold-up dressing table with a good sized mirror, are all concealed. A niched bookcase also finds a place in this wall. Among the furnishings is a good studio couch which does not give itself away as a bed. And here is a room where a person can be by himself in the daytime

because it can be shut off from the living room by means of a pair of broad french doors. When these doors are open spaciousness becomes apparent, and a pleasant vista is in view. Plants as well as children glory in the sunshine which floods this additional room. Another bedroom was needed in this house; it took the form of a "wing" which was projected from the northeast corner of the house. This arrangement provided cross ventilation and a south exposure for one window, and again sunshine found its way into the house. Shade-trees, shrubbery, and lawns cool these rooms in summer and yet do not interfere with their mellow atmosphere. Most of these changes were made by the owner; the process was slower than if it had been done professionally, but expertness was not sacrificed and a good deal of money was saved.

ONE young couple bought an old outmoded house of one story and a half. Since it was so old and rather run-down the purchase price was exceedingly low, but it had a good foundation, sturdy walls, some fine large windows, and all the earmarks of the essentials in good housing. There was compactness, and therefore inexpensive heating; room for four bedrooms on the second floor with all the charm of dormer windows and cross breezes, and the possibility of a fine large living room when the partition between the original one and the hall should be knocked out. This left the stairway going up from the main room, but since the upstair hall was very small there was no draught. A study adjoined the living room, adapted

from the former dining room, and the immense old kitchen was converted into a moderate sized one and a dining room too. In this home there was room for the half dozen children which came along to grow and develop unhindered by lack of space, and at the same time there was no burdensome over-bigness.

Another family converted the attic of their old adobe house into bedrooms. Wherever possible attics are infinitely more desirable for additional bedrooms than basements, because of the life-giving qualities of sunshine. These people stuccoed the exterior of their house and now they have a lovely home whose very charm lies in its old fashioned quaintness. There is an atmosphere of space and room for the pursuit of engrossing activities. Its simplicity and well planned room arrangement prevent over-work in its upkeep. The rooms can all be shut off from the others, and the kitchen, which has been modernized, is so arranged that it saves both time and labor. One of the most delightful features is a screened terrace opening from the kitchen and dining room, where summer meals can be served in all coolness and privacy. Vines and trees protect it from too much heat.

Still another couple bought a very ugly little old brick house for a "song"—but what possibilities! They added a single tier of rooms at the back and one extending at one side, and stuccoed the whole interior. With these additional rooms the house was large enough for a duplex, and so an apartment for renting was made. By using a good second-hand furnace and second-hand radiators enough money was saved on their heating system to justify the installation of electrical utilities in the two kitchens. Some day this couple will own a beautiful home which would otherwise surpass the housing figure that their income indicates. And another advantage they have is the large lot that the little house was placed on. With a bit of coaxing both a flower and a vegetable garden luxuriate themselves. There are certainly a diversity of ways in which housing needs can be adequately provided.

PERHAPS you are not considering remodeling but, refurbishing, and who can resist the desire to add a few deft touches to bring

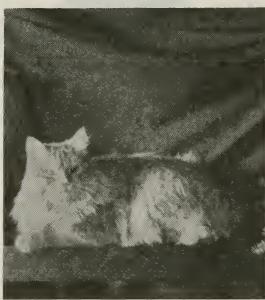


Photo by Waunnetta Peterson

Comfort

new interest into worn rooms and counteract winter's smudge and grime? Styles may come and styles may go, but as surely as spring trips in with young green leaves to garb brown branches, fresh paint pops out of the can and flows smoothly over worn woodwork while sewing machines whirl yards of chintz into gay patterns. Let's make this paint go on in the right color harmonies and have our chintzes give us no cause for regret.

There are certain principles which you should have some knowledge of before making a single change. They are recognition of the type of house you live in and the kind of furniture it calls for, and knowledge of backgrounds, color, and form. Volumes have been written on each of these subjects, and there are articles in practically every home magazine. Surely you can find access to some information which will help you in making your choice of furniture and decoration. No study could ever be more useful.

Good furnishing is not a matter of how much money is spent, but of how wisely it is used. What can the woman do who hasn't money enough to buy new furniture of the kind and style she would like? A variety of things, and with proper taste and artistry, she can achieve amazing results in unity and beauty in her home. Second hand furniture is not amiss when well chosen. It is not much more difficult to find in the country than the city, because, although auction sales and second hand stores are very prevalent in the city, the country is rich in old fashioned houses filled with early pioneer furniture. This kind lends itself very well to the "Americanism" which is evolving from the Colonial and Georgian period. Be careful to get things that harmonize. Don't buy a dark brown walnut or mahogany table, and a light brown secretary-desk or cabinet. See that both pieces are of the same color and that they match the other things in that room. Women living in rural districts are surely as capable of artistic discrimination as those in urban centers. Since we are considering ways for the average person to beautify the home a great deal necessarily depends upon one's ingenuity, capability, and willingness to study and work things out harmoniously.

ONE woman made up her dining room set of a long, rectangular pine table; an old fashioned safe or cupboard in which she replaced the perforated tin doors over the upper shelves with glass; a small pine console, or wall-table; and a set of reed-bottom chairs, which she bought "unfinished." She painted the entire set black, and edged it with rose-red. It is now at home in an exclusive apartment. The unity between the living room and the dining room is maintained by some open book cases, made of pine and stained a dark reddish brown, and with Navajo rugs, which are used on both floors, as throw-rugs in the living room. Pewter, old stone jugs, and some glazed pottery which she has made herself, look charming in the old safe. Old Dutch and English cupboards, or dressers, can be admirably adapted to the modern home.

For your spring renovating, decide first which room is most deserving of attention. Then try to picture the scheme you have worked out in your mind. Try to imagine what the emotional effect of living in such a room would be like. Will you be contented and at peace, or nervous and restless? And have you maintained the balance of the room?

Your walls are your background; they should be plain and restful; your furniture should be conservative and in good proportion to the size of the room. Let all the gaiety come from the draperies, slip-covers when used, and accenting notes in the accessories, such as pillows, lamp shades, pictures and ornaments.

Supposing you want new slip-covers for an overstuffed set or some easy chairs you might have inherited as heirlooms. They are pretty expensive to buy already

tailored, but they can be made at home for a fraction of the price.

"The American Home" magazine for November, 1928, which you can find among the bound volumes in most public libraries, gives you exact directions which are also very easy to follow. Another economy is the unpainted curtain poles and their accompanying large wooden drapery rings which can be decorated at home to match a bright note in the draperies.

Here are a few suggestions for color harmony, but the color scheme should never be chosen for a room without first knowing the effect of different lights on colors. Dark rooms and northern exposures require warm, light tones, such as cheerful shades of yellow, apricot and tan. These can be worked out in paint, paper, and rugs. Never use grays, blues, or blue-green in such rooms. The latter colors need light and warmth. Yellow and apricot combine well with yellow-green, silver, and russet. Apricot is also lovely with soft blue, and gold and orchid go well together. These pastel colors are good for bedrooms. Living rooms should be done in more restrained tones, such as taupes, tans, browns and grays. They can be brightened up with the draperies and accessories. When accenting, do not introduce just a single spot of color. In a living room, for instance, done in conservative taupe, one rose lamp shade seems out of place unless accompanied by other notes of rose. Repeat it in the cushions, drapes, other lamp shades and ornaments.

Aesthetic values certainly help to make homes livable and inviting; they are a leavening influence in the American home of today.

¶ Forever or Never

Continued from page 419

often dreamed of you, but you were never like this—so cold, so distant, so darned goody-goody. Why can't you be human. Why can't you be affectionate, understanding like you used to be. I'd rather have a man that was kind, and understanding, even if he used tobacco and tea and coffee and got drunk every week-end, than a long faced hypocrite who was always trying to impress others with his

reform, his goodness, his saintliness! And I am just repeating what Joseph Smith said. You say we have changed; you are wrong—it is you who has changed. You have an exaggerated opinion of right and wrong, and you are trying to force it on the whole world. I wish I had never seen you. Never!"

(To be continued)

Book Reviews



"The Story of Utah"

By JOHN HENRY EVANS
(Macmillan, New York)

ALTHOUGH there are a number of histories and tales of Utah, there is, in my opinion, a distinct place for this new volume just from the Macmillan Press. In this "Story of Utah" John Henry Evans has been less interested in the dry facts of history than in the spirit of important occasions, and men and women. As a result, by reading original manuscripts which have bared the souls of men and events, he has attempted to catch the very spirit about which he has written.

This volume containing 433 pages and scores of illustrations, photographs of various important places and people, is designed for the younger reader. In fact, it would seem that the schools were in the author's mind when he produced the book, for it is just such a volume as will appeal to young people. Even older people, however, will find much of paramount interest in it.

The historian begins his story of Utah with the entrance into Utah of the pioneers in 1847. Having written a few years ago a book which he entitled, "A Hundred Years of Mormonism," the author is well acquainted with the background of the people about whom he discourses.

Some idea of the subject matter as well as of the style may be had from a few chapter headings selected merely as they come. Part I, entitled, "The First White Settlers," for instance, has the following chapter headings: "A Company of Home Seekers," "The First Settlers in Utah," "Pathfinders. White and Indian," "A Stream Pours Into the Basin," and "Utah is Explored and Settled."

With a sympathetic, though objective attitude, the author tells in simple language the story of his state. Evidences are to be seen throughout the volume of his attempt to be fair and honest in his report of events, some of which reflect great credit upon the Saints and some of which are not flattering.

Though the story is general, it is remarkable how well the author has interpreted some events which have been troublesome to Mormons and Gentiles alike. His handling of the early territorial history is deft, if not complete.

The story follows men and move-

ments up to the present time touching into relief a few great characters like Brigham Young, Jacob Hamblin, and others, and a few great events and movements like the introduction of irrigation, and the struggle for statehood. Nothing of importance is left out of the volume. Though the treatment is necessarily general and brief in most cases, the volume gives a rounded-out picture of the development and growth of the state. Although Mormons, necessarily, are made important in the book, those not of the dominant faith are not forgotten.

Mr. Evans has an interesting and clear style. His stories are easy to read, interesting, and adequate for the reading public to which he is attempting to appeal. The volume is one which would be of value in any home in Utah and certainly of value in the schools where appreciation and understanding of and patriotism for the state are taught.

"Can I Quit Tobacco? Yes."

By L. WESTON OAKS, M. D.
F. A. C. S.

(*Elders' Quorums, Utah Stake, Publishers, Provo, Utah*)

DR. L. WESTON OAKS, of Provo, who for many years has been much interested in the Word of Wisdom and especially that phase dealing with tobacco, at the suggestion of the Elders' Quorums of Utah Stake and



Photo by Hale
Spring Clouds

with the approval of the Utah Stake Presidency has written a brief article which is designed to assist those who have succumbed to tobacco to rid themselves of that habit.

In an introduction it is suggested that any one who earnestly wishes to stop the use of tobacco may do so. In the article itself Dr. Oaks suggests simple things to do that will assist materially in conquering the craving and the habit, although the doctor points out that "one condition and one condition only, is absolutely essential to the overcoming of the tobacco habit! The individual concerned must have within his own soul an unqualified and unreserved conviction and determination that he will rid himself of it."

Copies of the booklet may be had by directing letters to Provo Book Bindery, Provo, Utah. Single copies are ten cents, but they may be had by the dozen at a lower cost.

"Joseph Smith, An American Prophet"

By JOHN HENRY EVANS
(Macmillan, New York; Price \$4.00)

THIS volume, beautifully printed and bound by one of America's greatest book publishers, has just come from the press. In fact, March 28, 1933, was publication date for the volume which contains 447 pages illustrated by many portraits of persons and places important in the history of the Church.

At last what purports to be an objective treatment of the Prophet Joseph Smith by a member of the Church Joseph Smith founded has been published by a publisher of international reputation. Mr. Evans says in his preface: "In this book I have tried to give a scientific treatment of Joseph Smith, the Mormon Prophet—that is, to present available facts, without smothering these facts in opinion. This, I believe, has never been done before."

But the publication is far too important to be accorded less than a complete review, therefore, we are reserving it for a later issue of *The Improvement Era*, as neither time nor space will permit of adequate treatment here.

Watch for the review. In these days when several people, not of the Church, have issued books about the Prophet, this one written by a member of the Church using "the scientific treatment," will be of special interest to everybody.

GLANCING THROUGH

The Lost Art of Play
By EARNEST ELMO CALKINS
(*Atlantic* for April)

THIS country is destined to cope with the problems of leisure on a scale never before experienced, for, no matter what we think of technocracy, the conclusion that the necessary work of the world can now be done in comparatively few hours is inescapable. The increase in leisure began years ago, up to which time the terms "working hours" and "waking hours" were synonymous. My first job, in 1885, was from 6:30 to 6:30, with an hour for dinner—65 hours a week. After going home at night, washing up and eating, it was time to go to bed, and I was ready to go, in view of my early rising. Not much thought was given to leisure then, but since then have come both the machine and the steady insistent demand for shorter working hours. At first the motor car, moving pictures, radio and athletics took up the slack left after work was done, but now there must be more to offer and to find than those. The depression has shown us how anxious people are to fill leisure hours—libraries, community playgrounds and community centers have been thronged; correspondence courses, adult schools and other channels which cost nothing have been patronized as never before.

Just how much time will be required to do the work of supplying every consumer with his demands cannot be worked out until the problem of balance between machine production and human consumption is solved; but, according to Paul T. Cherrington, speaking to the Toy manufacturers, we have ahead of us, in a thirty-hour working week, and subtracting time necessary for eating and sleeping, 61 hours a week of leisure, or 3172 hours a year each for 45,000,000 people to use as they please, and for this they will need an improved technique for utilizing leisure.

An entire nation which has never learned to play has been presented with the great gift of leisure, and so far we have paid others to furnish our amusement for us. But vicarious play will not long suffice to fill the hours. We must consider, therefore, what we are to do with our spare time. We have

not been trained for it, and our traditions are against it. We do not, as a people, care for the quiet, cheaply available amusements—walking, observing, studying, learning, gardening, practicing a craft, engaging in community activities and making the most of human companionship. Some turn to self-improvement when they have spare time, but these are few.

Recreation for adults has just begun to figure in the scheme of things, but when we have fifty million adults, with at least 19 weeks a year free from all duties, there must be found safe, sane, satisfying outlets for their energy if the new leisure is not to become a menace. Turning from the popular organized amusements which are devoid of the spirit of play, they must acquire a new conception of it—one that demands active, not passive, participation. Radio, movies and the like will no longer suffice. There must be something which makes demands upon them mentally and physically, to develop and exercise them, to give stimulus to invention and imagination.

The art of play is somewhat lost in children today, because so little is left for a child to do. Modern toys are so perfect and realistic that they overshoot the mark at which they aim. The child is honest in his preferences; he knows what he likes and cares nothing for the cost, but trains so real and dolls so perfect have been created that it leaves no gap to be filled by the imagination. Let me use my own childhood as an illustration. Most of our playthings were handmade. When mother dropped a plate, the fragments became our set of dishes. When the dry-goods store had packing cases to spare, we made houses, each room a box, and kept them until they had to be chopped into kindling. Shrewd parents got home tasks done by disguising them as play. I did a lot of weeding when I was young by pretending that I was George Washington and the weeds were Hessians. The big burdock was General Burgoyne; he died with his associates. There is more play in riding a stick than in a lifelike mechanical horse. The creative faculty is precious in children, and should be encouraged. Toys and playthings too complete and realistic stifle it, besides adding costs with no

corresponding advantages. "The Child is Father of the Man" is one of the old adages, the truth of which I am just now coming to realize. Much of my ability to get the most out of life in the way of occupation, amusement and entertainment is the direct product of learning to play as a boy. I find pleasure in the same things—making, doing things with hands and with tools. Children are in danger of missing this, unless they are again left to use their own faculties for amusement.

Play is active—the word *amuse* should come to mean, really, "away from musing." Play should be the alternative for those lazy occupations which find us idle and leave us passive—it should cause us to experience the glorious triumph to be found in achievement. It may be either mental or physical, but the best is both—demanding brain and brawn. Walking, with an eye out for growing, living things is one. Study, collecting, crafts—these borrow something from each other. Social amusements range all the way from games to intelligent participation in community activities.

High upon the list of desirable activities is gardening, which, like Portia's quality of mercy, blesses both gardener and beholder. A love of gardens and place to lavish them are two great things. A community of garden spots would create a beautiful place and fine community spirit.

The wise use of leisure will surely be an important influence on the future course of our civilization. People express themselves more frankly in their play than in their work, and if their diversions are the kind that develop them mentally, socially and physically they will affect profoundly the course of human events. What we most sorely need are occupations which satisfy the whole being, call forth one's powers, capacity and skill. The study of a new language; a musical instrument; dancing; tying knots—it would be futile to catalogue all the ways in which the human spirit could express itself in hours gloriously its own. The creative instinct is the divinest in our natures—recreation will satisfy this if rightly followed. And the first step is teaching people to play. This is the hour of great opportunity for those engaged in recreational work!

The World Fifty Years From Now

By JULIAN HUXLEY
(Forum for April, 1933)

THOUGH prophecy is too often merely a cloak for wish-fulfillment, it is the aim of the author in this article to outline the expectations, not the hopes, of what the world will be like in another half century. Granted that the number of incalculable factors is so great that one probability is likely to be as good as another, it is a scientific certainty that there will be change in the next fifty years, and that the change will be tremendous. And when I say "will," I mean "may," but shall use the first word for the sake of emphasis.

Politically, there will be new phases in the struggle between nationalism and internationalism; economic necessity will have forced a number of small nations to join up in federations. We may anticipate several — the British Commonwealth of Nations, the United States of Europe; Central and Southern American Union; and China (including Japan) or Japan (including China). Each of these, of course, will be animated by self-contradictory economic policies — to be as nearly self-supporting as possible and to have as large a foreign trade as possible. Sheer fright at the progress of lethal weapons, together with the need for economy, will have brought armaments down to a lower level. Travel will know no frontiers. The League of Nations, though remodeled, will remain a mere embryo. One more step will have been taken toward World Federation, but that step in itself will make further progress along this line harder.

Present day issues, sharpened definitely, will be the dominant feature of our future world. The great issues of private enterprise versus social enterprise; of individual profit versus common service, will still be pressing. The old idea that machinery multiplied human powers has evolved into the theory of labor saving, and now it is quite clear that it saves the need for human labor — and man need the opportunity to labor. The industrial revolution is now nearing its end; in fifty years we will be having the technological revolution — the active effort to check the advance of the machine, or rather its consequence. The logic of the situation will have forced industry into new types and onto new levels of organization. In all probability, each main group of industries will have organized into a vast unit, within which inefficiency, will have been reduced to a minimum, and wasteful competition almost eliminated. Labor will still be paid in wages, but compulsory profit-sharing schemes will be in force, by virtue of which the workman's standard of living will

have been much raised. Four and a half hours will be the average working day.

There will be a new party, which will have as the main plank of its platform the abolition of the slavery of science, machinery and mankind to the dogma of profit. Instead, it will set up as a goal a condition in which humanity will be able to gratify its basic needs with the expenditure of two hours work a day, and the rest of its energies will be freed. The party, which I shall call the International Humanist Party (and if anything is certain it is that it will not have this name) will propose the abolition of arbitrary media of exchange and the substitution as its fundamental unit of one based upon the per capita production of the country. There will be a distinction made between necessities and luxuries. Everyone will receive an allowance for the necessities of food, shelter, clothing, education and recreation and will receive it on a scale far above that of the middle class today; in addition to which there will be a second dividend, distributable in currency form, which will be available for luxuries.

The time will come when it can no longer be said that the profit motive is the prime mover of society, since profit will have been seriously restricted by the government, and adequate insurance against old age, sickness and unemployment will have eliminated from the lives of the workers most of the worry which sometimes makes for shrewdness. The serious problem will be the adjustment human nature makes to the leisure they have; what methods shall be used to keep the people from becoming dissipated, irritable, lazy, restless, discontented and anti-social.

By 1983 governments will have equipped themselves with departments of social welfare, and these, together with the educational and private agencies, will be trying to cope with the problem of leisure. The question will not be to find ways in which not to work, but to find ways of working which people will enjoy. For some this means simply a personal hobby, but for a great many it will mean being able to join zestfully with others in some enterprise which they feel to be worth while. Some will be taken into organizations to study mechanics; some into the activities of camp life; others into laboratories, or into dramatic work and musical conservatories — the possibilities are infinite.

Education will have been linked with the idea of social conscription; the boys and girls will not spend their hours in the school room, but be taken into activities and given experiences in fields other than that to which they will devote themselves professionally. Adult education will have developed into a thing of cooperative and general interest, far beyond its present level of striving unhappily for some culture

missed in youth. All men and women will have two quotas of work — one in lines necessary to produce the basic necessities of society and the other one whose aim is to make life richer and more interesting.

In religion also, the age will be one of sharpened issues. The 19th century issue of a literal orthodoxy against a timorous modernism will grow into an issue of humanism — a godless religion — against the remnant of Protestantism and Roman Catholicism, hardly diminished in numbers but definitely on the defensive.

Population control will be one of the strained issues. We know already that a number of countries are on the verge of population decline, and the prospect is that the United States will join them in the not so distant future. Since it is chiefly economic forces which affect population, the society of fifty years hence will be busy trying to figure out schemes for bringing financial pressure to bear — family allowances of all kinds, free higher education for all, tax rebate provisions for people with children and other schemes. Undoubtedly there will be some principle evolved by then assuring the parents of help; the first two children are likely to cost their parents nothing, but to add to the family's per capita share of the national dividend; the next two will neither increase nor decrease it, while further ones will receive no recognition from the state.

When this happens, the conservatives, under Catholic leadership, will head leagues for racial preservation, while others, on the other hand, will be urging the state to vary allowances according to the fitness of parents, such fitness to be determined by experts.

Socialized medicine will have made great strides; it will be compulsory for everyone to take out health insurance which will provide for medical treatment and hospital accommodation.

The golden age of quack remedies and patent medicines will be over, for uncontrolled commercial advertising will be a thing of the past; all advertising will be under strict control of a bureau, which will alter the character and commercial status of newspapers and magazines.

Housing methods will be drastically changed. Models for houses will be improved just as models in cars are improved today. Air-conditioning will be as common as furnace heat today, which will make it possible for the white man to invade the tropics, not only as an exploiter, but to make permanent homes.

The greatest issue of fifty years from now will be the answer to the question: shall man be dominated by the social and economic forces which have grown up in blind and haphazard fashion, or shall he grasp and dominate them, as he has in earlier ages learned how to dominate the forces of external nature?

Melchizedek Priesthood

On the Lookout

By J. M. SJODAHL

A NEW chapter of American history was begun on March 4, this year, with the inauguration of President Franklin D. Roosevelt, and the subsequent convention of the 73rd congress in extraordinary session. Declaring that an emergency existed, the president demanded, and was immediately granted, "dictatorial" authority to handle the financial and economic problems of the government—to suspend gold payment and prohibit the hoarding of gold and gold certificates, to reduce salaries and restrict the so-called veteran disability benefits to those who are actually disabled.

The transfer of this authority to the executive is an experiment, justified on the supposition that the president of the United States is, or should be, incorruptible and above the reach of the common selfish interests. That it could be done within the limits of the Constitution, without revolutionary disturbances, is a new evidence of the excellence of that divinely inspired document, which has shown its sufficiency in all emergencies, so far; it also speaks well for the loyalty of the American people, and it prompts the observation that this republic shall stand, if—and as long as—the people will remain united in loyalty to its institutions, its legally constituted authorities, and, above all, to God!

A FEW months ago, Mr. H. G. Wells, the famous novelist, at a meeting of a peace society in London, made the statement that the world would be torn by another war in a few years. He based his prediction on the state of affairs existing in Italy, Germany and France, and on the fact that so many of our young people are fascinated by their mental pictures of war.

Since then, much has happened. Hitlerism has prevailed in Germany and practically set aside the Republican form of government there. Fascism is gaining ground in Poland, in the Balkan states, as well as in Germany and Italy, and, worst of all, atheism in its organized form is threatening the world with moral disaster.

The Russian leader of this movement claims that his society now has five million members, and they are flooding the world with their literature. They are particularly active among the

school children, preparing the ground for a harvest of strife and bloodshed.

In spite of all disarmament conferences, Europe seems to be developing a situation similar to that which existed immediately before the world war, with its alliances and military competition.

All this has prompted far-seeing statesmen to warn the world that another conflict is near at hand, unless practical results are obtained by the coming disarmament conference.

THEY have also told us that the next war, if it comes, will be more destructive, if possible, than the World War. General Sir Tan Hamilton, a famous British soldier, recently told the British Legion, at a meeting in London, "The whole of the mechanical motor-driven forces will meet under or in the sea, in the air and on land. Each will be, must be, rushing forward to seize an advanced base for their airdromes and oil depots on enemy soil. The first encounter will almost certainly decide the war. The victorious tanks and aeroplanes will eat up the hostile artillery and infantry as half a dozen heavily armored knights of the wars of the jacquerie could and did eat up thousands of armed, but unarmed, peasants. They will begin to lap up the civilian population as a cat laps up cream, and perhaps the worst of all these devils will be the civilian aeroplane laden with chemicals.

FORTUNATELY, the civilized powers of the world do not want war. They understand that they have nothing to gain by enmity and carnage.

The people of Great Britain, for instance, realize that the world needs peace and tranquility and international friendship on which to build a new economic structure.

Italy, which means Mussolini, has repeatedly assured the world, that her intentions are peaceful.

The French nation does not want war, but security against war. That is the entire reason for the military fever of France and the expensive alliances with the neighbors of Germany. Contrary to a prevalent impression, France is not swimming in prosperity. Many of the young people, who come home from their military service, are destitute and cannot find employment,

while the cost of living remains high. Those who are well-to-do are taxed all beyond endurance. A Frenchman with an income of \$5,000, I understand, pays \$709 income tax, a tax on everything he eats and drinks, on his house, his amusements, his insurance, on everything he buys or sells, on marriage and even on his funeral. He is taxed \$64 a year for the privilege of driving a six-cylinder automobile, and 18 cents for every gallon of gasoline he buys. The French need peace, and not another ruinous war.

Hitler is, as yet, a riddle. But he is not in a position to open the floodgates of destruction. It is true, the Germans feel very strongly the humiliation of the Versailles peace treaty, and Hitler's majority was a protest against that document, but it was not large enough to justify even a dictator to plunge the country into a hopeless war. And I believe the best part of the German people will realize, by this time, that the Versailles treaty can be revised by the signatory powers, who have already very nearly blotted out the immense sum owed for reparations. There is no reason why even the question of boundaries, and especially the so-called Polish corridor, should not be settled more satisfactorily by a friendly council than by murder.

The world does not want "war." Even Japan is ashamed of admitting that her exploits in China are everything but proofs of her friendship for her neighbor, and efforts in the interests of peace.

FOR the reasons here given, it is perfectly logical to hope that the efforts of the British premier, MacDonald, will result in peace, founded on a more secure foundation than the Versailles treaty. If not, that treaty may be torn to shreds by exploding bombs and fumigated with poison gases. But that would mean the unnecessary sacrifice of millions of human lives. The treaty was written at a time when human passion predominated over reason. Now is the time to read it calmly and to revise it with a view to common interests. We ought to think of the future in the terms of peace and brotherhood and prosperity, as the prophets of the Lord have done in all ages. But that is optimism. Certainly. And the world belongs to the optimists for time and all eternity.

Weekly Thoughts on Tithepaying For May

By DR. FRANKLIN MADSEN

WEEK of May 7: The paying of tithing is a demonstration of sincerity on the part of Church members both in view and purpose.

Week of May 14: God created us

and everything else that is good on earth, hence is entitled to a return of not only a tenth but all that has been entrusted to us.

obeying the law of tithing we are privileged to follow the joy-giving example of God's greatest servants and handmaids.

Week of May 28: Tithing receipts are good assets to financial success.

High Priests' Activities in the Alberta Stake

ON February 8, 1930, at the Stake Quarterly Conference held at Cardston, Alberta, the members of the High Priests' Quorum signed a document, a copy of which follows:

"We, the members of the High Priests' Quorum of the Alberta Stake of Zion, for the purpose of creating a stronger spirit of fraternity and also with the idea in view of assisting the families of Quorum members when such member is taken by death, hereby agree with the Quorum Presidency as follows:

1. That we will each voluntarily contribute the sum of One (\$1.00) Dollar for the incidental expenses of such High Priests' Quorum, the said payment to be made during the month of January in each year.

2. That we will each voluntarily pay the sum of One (\$1.00) Dollar to the said Presidency at least ten (10) days after we have been notified of the death of any member of such Quorum.

3. That the Presidency of the said Quorum may pay to the widow or other relative of such deceased member, a sum of money from the fund thus created, as such Presidency may deem just, but any such payment so made shall not exceed the sum of One Hundred (\$100.00) Dollars to such widow or relative."

Since the 8th of February, 1930, thirteen High Priests have died, and the widows or relatives of these deceased brethren have each received One Hundred (\$100.00) Dollars.

At the Stake Conference held in

Cardston in August, 1932, the members of the High Priests' Quorum of the Stake and their wives, pledged themselves to keep a short term Missionary in the field.

In accordance with this promise, Bishop Andrew C. Jensen of the Aetna Ward, representing that Quorum, is now in the field doing Missionary labor.

We find that these activities have knitted together the members of the Quorum more than any other one thing which we have ever attempted to do in this Stake of Zion.

—Z. W. Jacobs, Chairman Melchizedek Priesthood Committee.

—M. A. Coombs, President High Priests' Quorum.

Ward Teachers' Message

May—The Principle of Tithing

(References: Doc. and Cov., Sec. 119; Genesis 28:20-22; Malachi 3:8-12.)

DURING this month it is desired that the ward teachers visit every family in every ward and teach the faithful observance of the law of tithing. Among the various phases of this important principle to be presented, could properly be the following:

(1) The divinity of the principle.

(2) The benefits to be derived from its observance: Increased faith, stability, loyalty, good management, honesty, spiritual and temporal progress.

(3) It should be the desire of everyone, even if he has suffered losses, to pay some tithing, even though it be only a nominal amount. Proper explanation should be made in such instances.

(4) Every member of the Priesthood should be a tithepayer.

(5) Those receiving regular income should be encouraged to pay as they receive.

(6) Payment of tithing is a matter of conscience. "The liberal deviseth liberal things, and by liberal things shall he stand."

(7) Tithing is a just principle. It applies to everyone in the Church in proportion to his ability to pay. No exemptions for those who receive income, compensation or gifts.

(8) Such donations should be unreservedly made. Those handling the tithes are responsible therefore. Great care, accuracy, and economy, are exercised in handling tithes.

(9) Tithes expended solely for purposes listed in financial report presented at General Conference.

June—Marriage

Prepared under the Direction of the Presiding Bishopric

By OSCAR W. McCONKIE

(References: Doc. and Cov. 49: 131, 132; 38 C. J. 1269-1362; The Marriage Crisis, by Ernest A. Groves.)

MARRIAGE is life's most sacred relationship and is, speaking generally, a right common to all. The term denominates both the entrance into it and the union itself. It is "the civil status of one man and one woman, capable of contracting, united by contract and mutual consent for life, for the discharge to each other and to the community, of the duties legally incumbent on those whose association is founded on the distinction of sex." The state views it with deep concern and exercises full control over it. The contracting parties can not, by their mutual consent, dissolve it.

The four great experiences of earth life are: birth, marriage, parenthood, and death. Some would eliminate marriage and parenthood, substituting

in their stead a pleasure philosophy—a sex union, personal and childless without public pronouncement, social obligation, the home, the desire for lasting happiness in marriage, or parenthood. Notwithstanding the scheme magnifies sex attraction, exploits women, strikes down the state's greatest security by destroying family life, substitutes wanton excesses for fundamental desires, leaves property, sex, and affection, which the home safeguards, unprotected, promotes intolerable looseness, and is sponsored by those who have themselves failed in the marriage relationship, there are ears willing to listen.

But marriage is more than a civil institution. It is divine, God ordained, a relationship furnishing the supreme form of human satisfaction. It is a law of the earth, without which the earth could not fulfil the measure of its creation. Through obedience it endures eternally. Its sacred vows and associations, when sealed through the medium of the Lord's anointed, by the Holy Spirit of promise, continue after death. All covenants, contracts, and associations whatsoever, if ordained of men, end with death. Not so with the celestial order of marriage. It is a pearl of greater price and those who enter into it and are fully obedient, "shall come forth in the first resurrection," and "shall inherit thrones, kingdoms, principalities, and powers," and shall become Gods. Until that day they shall abide in peace.

Aaronic Priesthood

Suggestions for Aaronic Priesthood Anniversary

ALL members of the Aaronic Priesthood, except those who are on the program, should sit together in their respective groups in some conspicuous place in the meeting house.

Every member of the Aaronic Priesthood should be visited in advance by special committees of the Aaronic Priesthood and invited to be present. Their aim should be 100%. Correlation Committees should be invited to cooperate.

The Bishopric of the ward should sit on the stand. The Bishop should preside. A Priest may conduct the exercises under the direction of the Bishopric. The program should be carried out entirely by members of the Aaronic Priesthood. All who attend should have credit on their quorum record, and they may receive credit on the quorum records for assignments, such as opening with prayer, playing the organ, conducting the singing, speaking, administering the Sacrament, acting as ushers, and other duties. The Bishopric and Aaronic Priesthood Supervisors should carefully prepare the various members of the Priesthood to fill their assignments with credit.

It is recommended that those selected to give the $2\frac{1}{2}$ minute talks in Sunday School on this day be chosen from the Aaronic Priesthood members and that their subject be the restoration of the Aaronic Priesthood.

In Sunday School, Priesthood Meetings or other gatherings on that day in which Aaronic Priesthood members participate they should be invited to pray, sing or speak wherever possible.

SUGGESTED PROGRAM FOR AARONIC PRIESTHOOD SUNDAY, MAY 14TH OR MAY 21ST, 1933

(The actual (124th) anniversary is Monday, May 15th)

Song—"The Spirit of God Like a Fire is burning."

Prayer—By a Teacher.

Song—"Praise to the Man."

Sacrament Service—By Priests, Teachers and Deacons.

Talk (7 min.)—"The Aaronic Priesthood in Ancient Times"—By a Priest. (See Exodus, Chapter 28 and 29:4-9, 44; Hebrews 3:7-12; Numbers 27:15-23; Doc. and Cov., Sec. 84:18-30; Encyclopedia Britannica).

Concert Recitation by Deacons—Doc. and Cov., Sec. 13—"Upon you my fellow servants, etc."

Talk (5 min.)—"The Aaronic Priesthood in the Church Today"—By a Deacon. (Describe its Presidency—In the Church—in the Ward; Its organization, officers, duties—Temporal—Spiritual. (See list in Aaronic Priesthood Roll Books.) Its growth and development. (See annual report for 1932.)

Song—Aaronic Priesthood Chorus.

Talk (5 min.)—"What the Priesthood is doing to help young men meet the Problems of Today"—By the Chairman of the Ward Aaronic Priesthood Committee.

Remarks—Bishop.

Song—"Ye Who Are Called to Labor."

Closing Prayer—By a Deacon.

Plans for the meeting should be completed immediately. Sunday, May 14th, the date nearest the anniversary, is Mother's Day. If there is any conflict, this program should be conducted Sunday, May 21st.

The Priesthood in Action

ON a Sunday night in May not many years ago the sacramental services, throughout the Church, were conducted almost entirely by boys, and young men, of the Lesser Priesthood. The opening prayer was offered by a Priest. Two Priests officiated at the Sacramental table, and a number of Deacons served the broken bread and water to the congregation. The preaching, too, was all done by Priests and Teachers.

At this meeting, a Protestant minister was present. He occupied a seat in the congregation, and observed with

intense delight the quiet dignity and refinement of the boys who conducted this sacred service; he listened with eagerness to the fine, clear-cut, short discourses of these youthful preachers. At the close of the service he turned to his neighbor and remarked:—

"That is one of the finest things I have ever witnessed. I would give \$50 for the privilege of telling this congregation what I think about this evening's service."

The participation of mere boys in Priesthood activities was something entirely new to this minister. He could see the dignity and majesty of it. But the part our boys take in the sacred exercise of public worship is so general in our communities that we sometimes fail to see the real importance of it and its refining influence upon the boys who are engaged in these holy functions.

In all these priesthood activities there comes home to the heart of the boy the soul purifying and enabling thought, "I am doing this for and on behalf of the God of holiness." Any act or work done under the pure inspiration of this lofty thought chastens and refines the hearts and minds of our boys, and gives them poise and steadiness during the turbulent period of adolescence.

Annual Reports Show Progress

SUMMARY OF 1932 COMPARED WITH 1931

THERE were 127 new quorums organized.

There were 3909 more quorum meetings held.

There are 4170 more members of Aaronic Priesthood.

There were 3217 more members enrolled.

The average attendance per week increased 628.

The average percent attendance decreased 1%.

There were 1362 more attended Sunday School per week.

There are 256 more ward Supervisors.

There are 126 more wards with Supervisors.

Members of bishoprics attended 713 more quorum meetings.

Ward Supervisors attended 6341 more quorum meetings.

There were 64,932 more assignments made.

There were 58,859 more assignments filled.

5649 more members filled assignments.



Briant, Willard R., Heber, and Richard Smith

1203 more members performed baptisms or other ordinances.

1903 more members did Ward Teaching.

2364 more members assisted with the Sacrament.

3515 more members observed the Word of Wisdom.

8161 more lessons were presented in quorum meetings.

1425 more members had lesson outlines.

562 more members read all the lessons.

853 more visits to wards were made by Stake Committees.

Largest Stake in Church Shows Unusual Activity

COMMENTS ON ANNUAL REPORT

GRANT Stake has the most members of Aaronic Priesthood. (2112)

Grant Stake has the highest enrollment of Aaronic Priesthood. (1597)

North Weber Stake led in number of Quorum Meetings. (2027)

Grant Stake had the most Quorums or Classes. (67)

Granite Stake had the highest number attending meetings. (616)

San Francisco Stake had the highest percent of attendance. (39%)

Grant Stake had the highest number attending Sunday School. (796)

Grant Stake had the highest percent attendance at Sunday School. (61%)

St. Joseph Stake had most meetings attended by Bishopric. (1513)

Grant Stake had most meetings attended by Supervisors. (1632)

Liberty Stake had the highest percent attendance of Supervisors. (96%)

Grant Stake made the most assignments. (30,303)

Grant Stake had the most assignments filled. (28,698)

West Jordan Stake had the highest percent filling assignments. (73%)

Liberty Stake had the most members performing baptisms, or other ordinances. (775)

Grant Stake had the most members doing ward teaching. (365)

Grant Stake had the most members assisting with Sacrament. (1626)

Liberty Stake had the most members observing the Word of Wisdom. (1304)

South Davis had the highest percent observing the Word of Wisdom (80%)

Grant Stake had the most lessons presented by Bishopric or Supervisors. (1802)

Summer Campaign Again Stressed

ENCOURAGED by the success of the summer campaign of the past four years and spurred on by a realization of the need of Church influences in the lives of members of the Aaronic



Primary Association Guide Class, Liberty Ward, Liberty Stake, graduating into Aaronic Priesthood and Scouting in March, 1933

Priesthood, the Presiding Bishopric is again urging upon Stake and Ward Priesthood leaders the necessity for continuing quorums during the summer months. The graphic chart shown at the Aaronic Priesthood convention during April conference and reproduced on this page shows how the wide fluctuations in attendance have been checked.

It will be noted from the chart that the lowest mark in the summer of 1932 was one point higher than the highest mark for spring or summer of 1928. It will also be noted that the decrease in attendance during the summer months of 1932 was comparatively small. In 1929 attendance ranged from 7% in July and August to 26% in January and December, a fluctuation of 19 points, while in 1932 the figures ranged from 19% in only one month—July—to 26% in January, a variation of only 7 points. The deep "valleys" of the summer months of a few years ago have been filled with activity. It is hoped this year to keep attendance above 20% during the mid-summer months and to reach 30% for at least one month.

A significant feature of the graph

is that in May of 1932 the downward trend of attendance which, in other years, when once started, continued until the bottom was reached, was checked and remained at 21% during May and June. It dipped to 19%, the low point in only one month. In the previous three years the low point had held for two or three months.

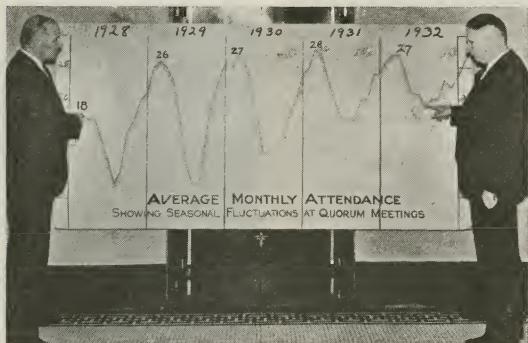
The splendid gains in summer activity have reflected favorably in the totals for the year. Bishop David A. Smith, of the Presiding Bishopric and John D. Giles, field representative of the Presiding Bishopric and M. I. A. are shown studying the chart.

Suggested Reading for Supervisors

SUPERVISORS of Aaronic Priesthood quorums should be as well prepared as possible on the principles of the gospel, the restoration of the gospel, the restoration of the Aaronic Priesthood and the Priesthood in the Church today, with its duties and responsibilities. Excellent books to read to gain information on these topics are "The Great Apostasy," by James E. Talmage; "Restoration of the Gospel," by Osborne J. P. Widtsoe and "The Lesser Priesthood and Notes on Church Government," by Joseph B. Keeler.

Leadership Training Courses

ASOURCE of valuable and helpful information and training open to Aaronic Priesthood Supervisors is the series of leadership training courses being conducted by Scout officials. These include boy psychology, methods of interesting boys, methods of teaching, appeals to boy nature and similar topics of direct benefit to quorum supervisors. As most Supervisors are connected with Scouting, these courses are open to them and in most cases without cost.



Five-year graphic chart showing Aaronic Priesthood attendance by months. At left, Bishop David A. Smith; right, John D. Giles.



MUTUAL MESSAGES



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Send all Correspondence to Committees Direct to General Offices

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RICHARD R. LYMAN,
MELVIN J. BALLARD,

Executive Secretary:
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General Offices Y. L. M. I. A.

33 BISHOP'S BUILDING
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

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RUTH MAY FOX,
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Contest in Operetta

THE question has been asked, May contesting groups in the Operetta use an orchestra accompaniment? The ruling of the General Board is as follows:

Any group presenting this Operetta may use an orchestra for exhibition purposes as a program number for any special occasion, but in the M. I. A. Contest the piano only can be used.

This decision has been made on account of the impossibility of over 50 percent of the contesting units being able to provide orchestral accompaniment.

Sunday Evening Joint Session—June

GENERAL Idea—Commencement, the Close of the M. I. A. contest and class work for 1932-33. Boy Scouts and Bee-Hive Girls to dominate the program.

The Committee representing the General Board decided that on this Sunday evening a fine commencement or closing program could be held in each of the wards. It could take the form of a promotion or graduation exercise with the Boy Scouts and the Bee-Hive Girls furnishing much of the program. On this evening, too, awards could be made especially to the Bee-Hive Girls if the Scouts are receiving their wards at a separate Court of Honor meeting.

Projects of various kinds, having some spiritual significance, could be reported or demonstrated. Speeches and retold stories which have been prepared during the year for contest work might be given before the public, if they have not been so given before. A good speaker, well acquainted with M. I. A. aims and ideals, might be asked to give the talk of the evening emphasizing the year's activity and projecting the summer's and the coming year's work.

"M. I. A., Our M. I. A." and "Carry On" would be two good songs to sing on the occasion. Scout and Bee-Hive songs could also be used if careful selection is made of the numbers.

The Contest

By Mabel S. Harmer

YOU have won and I'm glad, for in winning

You proved you were better than I. I have tried and I failed, but in failing I found it was good just to try.

If I learned a sweet song in the contest, If there came just one truth that was new,

If I learned but to smile with the victor— After all, did not I win too?



Court and Queen of Lincoln Ward Ball, Idaho Falls Stake

Activities in Stakes

IT is impossible to report the activities of all the stakes in the Church, for many of them never come to the ears of the General Board. The Era tries to publish brief reports of all

which are written up and sent into the office. During the past few months, Gold and Green Balls, Music Festivals and M Men-Gleaner Banquets have held the floor. Many have been reported in previous numbers of the Era. Others appear herein.

POCATELLO STAKE

The Festival of Pocatello Stake was an outstanding success, eighty-two singers participating, and appearing before an audience of 1504 people. Numbers were given by Stake Male Chorus and Stake Mixed Chorus, and also by Ladies' Choruses and Male Quartettes from various wards. The stake music committee was in charge, and are to be commended on their splendid work.

OGDEN AND MOUNT OGDEN STAKES

The Music Festivals of these two stakes were held at different times, both being given in the Tabernacle to capacity audiences. The Ogden Stake affair featured the Ogden High School Orchestra, vocal numbers from the Deaf and Blind School, Stake Ladies' Chorus and ward quartettes and choruses. The Mount Ogden program was one of M. I. A. events only, ward Male and Ladies' choruses combining in a great stake chorus which rendered the various selections in a delightful and pleasing manner.

EMERY STAKE

The Festival of this stake required



Queen of Ball and Attendants, Franklin Stake



Gold and Green Ball, Spokane M. I. A.

two nights for presentation before the entire stake, one night being held in Feron Ward and the next night in Huntington Ward. Over 225 boys and girls participated, and the affair was regarded as a glorious success from every standpoint.

MORONI STAKE

The Music Festival of Moroni Stake, consisting of numbers making up a program of an hour and a half, presented 150 boys and girls in male choruses, quartettes, double mixed quartettes and ladies' choruses. It was presented before the largest audience the stake has had at any gathering.

IDAHO FALLS STAKE

The Lincoln Ward of Idaho Falls Stake gave a Gold and Green Ball which was the outstanding event of the social season. The hall was gay in green and gold, yellow violets hanging from a green network ceiling. The queen of the ball, gowned in green taffeta with touches of gold was crowned by an M Man attendant. In the Contest Dance, four couples were entered, and their dancing was one of the delightful features of a charming evening.

GREAT FALLS BRANCH

Prize Party and Dance

In spite of unemployment, depression, low wages and hard times generally, the Great Falls, Montana, branch of the Northwestern States Mission had such wonderful success at a recent party that we would like to tell everyone about it. Perhaps the officers of some other M. I. A. who are in need

of funds can follow our plan and enjoy a good time as we did.

The Mutual officers were planning a "Kid's Party" for Valentine's day, and decided to have a "Fish Pond." It was suggested that we ask a few of the local merchants for some odd pieces of merchandise to be used as "fish." The idea was met with such expressions as "It can't be done;" "The merchants are already begged to death;" "If we were in Utah in a Mormon community it would be easy, but it is impossible;" and other similar "helps."

(Through lack of space the *Era* cannot print the entire report, valuable as it is. If other M. I. A. groups



Music Festival, Moroni Stake

intend to try a similar party, Bro. Edgar T. J. Henderson, 1812 4th Ave. North, Great Falls, Montana, has a number of suggestions which would be helpful).

The idea finally carried, and the responses from the merchants was so heartening as to be beyond the dreams of the M. I. A. officers. (After the party was over, comments were so favorable that several merchants expressed their regrets that they too had

not been asked to help.) A sack of flour was offered to the first hundred people to enter the hall and a hot dog to the next four hundred, so that, even though dancing was to have started at 9 p. m. the hall was full by 7:30, many having come forty miles to attend. A wonderful spirit of enthusiasm and good will was evident all evening, and all who came are eagerly awaiting our next party. Afterward, many prominent people from the town wrote to us to congratulate us on the delightful affair.

L. D. S. Missionary Basketball Team, Pittsburgh, Pa.

PARTICIPATING for the second successive year in the "Carnegie Club" church league of Braddock, Pa., the Pittsburgh District, L. D. S. missionary basketball team is enjoying a very successful season. Finishing in third place for the first half honors of a split schedule, we are starting the second half with good prospects to finish the season out in front.

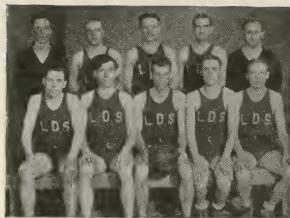
The squad is made up of boys originally from various parts of the intermountain region, who are either regular L. D. S. missionaries or boys who have obtained employment in the Pitts-



Music Festival, Pocatello Stake

burgh district. Reading left to right in the picture, back row: Henry Matis, of Denver, Colorado; Wallace Westover, missionary from Joseph City, Arizona; Carl Waldvogel, of Salt Lake City, Utah; Avon Thomander, of Taylorsville, Utah, and former Granite High School basketball star; Art Unger, Denver, Colorado. Front row: Delbert Jones, missionary from Otto, Wyoming; Lloyd Nuffer, Preston, Idaho, and former "Utah Aggie" football star; Jay Wrathall, Salt Lake City, Utah; Donald Miles, Paradise, Utah, captain and manager of the team, and Jesse Hatch, of Vernal, Utah.

The benefits derived from this field of activity are many. By competing with representatives from various other denominations, we are helping to break down the bitterness and prejudice against Mormonism in the missionary field. We have made it a rule to be sportsmanlike at all times, no matter how the decisions go.



L. D. S. Missionary Basketball Team,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Seniors

Recreation Program

Eight Monthly Recreation Programs: Four in Ward.

Four with other wards of the Stake.

I. Ward Programs.

1. A Buffet Supper.
2. Mileposts.
3. Leisure-time Contribution.
4. A Program with the Adults.

II. Stake Programs.

1. An Open Forum on local social problems toward beginning of the season.
2. Divide on Cultural Interests or Hobbies. (Toward beginning of season.)
3. An Open Forum on general, national or world-wide readjustments.
4. Divide on Cultural Interests. (During the winter.)

III. The Senior Ball.

The above outline is proposed for the Senior class recreational program for next year. During the past season many Senior departments have found themselves bound together with bonds of common interests which have extended beyond the class room and into their recreational activities. It is hoped that next year more ward Senior classes, and Stake departments, will join in pleasurable association and find much joy in the Senior contacts.

M Men-Gleaners

June Convention Meeting

A JOINT M Men-Gleaner Department meeting will be held during the coming June Convention. We invite leaders to attend this meeting to discuss next year's program and activities.

M Men-Gleaner Banquets

MORONI STAKE

THE Moroni Stake M Men-Gleaner Banquet was held on February 23 at Fountain Green, Utah. The program and decorations were woven around a patriotic theme. The tables, decorated with small flags, were arranged to form the letters M. I. A. Two hundred and twelve of the youth of Zion, all happy and ready to answer to the call of the M. I. A. surrounded the tables. A hot dinner was served, the Stake Board of Y. L. M. I. A. acting as waitresses. No charge was made for the dinner as each ward furnished its portion of the food. Following the dinner a dance was enjoyed by all.

WEBER STAKE

M Men and Gleaners of Weber Stake held their banquet and dance recently, about a hundred and twenty-five attending. The banquet room was lovely with its decorations of green tapers and red carnations. During the evening a program of toasts, musical numbers and short talks was given. Following the dinner, a dance was enjoyed by all.

PALMYRA STAKE

Red, white and blue were the patriotic colors chosen as decorations for the Palmyra Stake M Men-Gleaner banquet and dance. The affair was attended by about 165, and a very clever program of toasts and music was carried out. M Men and Gleaners from all the wards participating. A dance followed the banquet.



M Men-Gleaners, Weber Stake

SACRAMENTO DISTRICT

The first annual banquet for M Men and Gleaners of the Sacramento District was attended by about 164 young people. Small monogrammed booklets served as place card, menu and program, and the "Carry On" song was tucked in for good measure. Brother Lindblad, making the report says:

"I was deeply touched and impressed with the sincerity of purpose and earnest enthusiasm of these splendid young people. Their untiring efforts to make the party a cultural event, their attention and devotion to the ideals of the M. I. A. impressed me anew with two significant facts: 1. The virile devotion and response of the young people to high ideals; and 2. The foresight and power of the church in its provision of a psychologically sound program of activities which challenges and directs the dynamic energies of youth into character building and faith promoting channels."

PANGUITCH STAKE

The annual M Men-Gleaner banquet of the North Ward of Panguitch Stake was a huge success, being marked by splendid attendance, good program, a delicious banquet, enlivened by toasts and speeches, and welcome guests. Following the meal a dance was held. Everyone was extremely gratified by the outcome of the affair.

OQUIRRH STAKE

The success of the Oquirrh Stake M Men-Gleaner banquet and dance was due to the splendid cooperation between stake officers, ward leaders and the boys and girls themselves. Two hundred and twenty-five participated, and the affair was truly inspirational. Springtime was the theme, carried out effectively in decorations, program, menu and the theme song—"Springtime in the Rockies." Toasts, music and the warm spirit of sociability which prevailed made the evening a delight. The dance which followed the banquet was also most enjoyable.

SOUTH SEVIER STAKE

The annual banquet and dance of the South Sevier Stake M Men and Gleaners, which was held at the Monroe North Ward amusement hall March the first, was one of the outstanding social events of the stake.

"An Ode to Youth" was the general theme of the banquet around which the toasts and program centered. The color scheme of green and gold predominated in the banquet room. Beautiful yellow daffodils and acacia, and tall green tapers in silver candlesticks formed the centerpieces for the tables.

except for the center one which had for its centerpiece a miniature fountain. This was made to represent the M. I. A. Fountain of Youth. Tiny dolls were dressed to represent the various groups in the Mutual organization. The place cards were green with small gold ships of youth painted upon them.

Two hundred guests attended the affair thus giving a large representation from every ward in the stake. The patrons and patronesses included the Stake Mutual Executives, the Stake M Men and Gleaner Leaders and their partners.

CASSIA STAKE

The Cassia Stake M Men and Gleaner girls held their banquet at the Rainbow Hall, Saturday, March 26, at 6 o'clock. They had as their guests the Stake Presidency, Stake Board Members and the M Men and Gleaner class leaders and partners of the six wards in the Stake.

The tables were beautifully decorated with Saint Patrick's Day colors. Green pigs were used as place cards and at each end and in the middle of each of the four tables were two hungry pigs staring wonderingly into the empty troughs, the nut cups were green and white with a bow of white ribbon on each handle, the candle holders which were Irish potatoes held white candles tied with a bow of green ribbon.

A delicious meal was served to one hundred seventeen guests. During the dinner a program was presented consisting of two musical ensembles, toasts to M Men and Gleaners and Guests, and jokes were told throughout the dinner.

Following the banquet dancing was enjoyed by all present. Music was furnished by a local orchestra. All expressed themselves as having an exceptionally good time.

ALPINE STAKE

The banquet given by the M Men and Gleaner Girls of Alpine stake in the stake tabernacle amusement hall was well arranged and one of the most delightful social functions of the M. I. A. year. The long tables took up the entire hall, and covers were laid for two hundred twenty-five guests.

(Continued on page 440)

Gleaner Girls

Treasures of Truth

THE Hollywood Stake Gleaner leader reports a most interesting stake "Treasures of Truth" party held on February 4 at the Hollywood Stake Tabernacle. One hundred seventy-three Gleaner girls, fifty-six mothers and about twenty-five ward and stake executive officers were present. Each Gleaner girl upon her arrival was required to register; the sheets containing the names are being saved for the stake "Treasures of Truth" book. Each ward had a table for the purpose of displaying the books. Eighty-five books were on display, most of them having been commenced since September last. One ward has fifteen Gleaners enrolled and fifteen books started. Another ward has an enrollment of twenty-two with nineteen books in course of preparation. After allowing sufficient time for the examination of the books, a living "Treasures of Truth" book was presented on the stage, each ward having previously selected the section it wished to give. The sections of the book were presented in story, song, poem or dramatization, most of them being actual contributions from Gleaner books. A Treasure Hunt was then conducted and each Gleaner received either a personal testimony of one of the General Authorities of the Church, a poem, a prophecy and its fulfillment, or a picture; each item being something that any Gleaner would treasure for her own book. Light refreshments were then served; marking the end of an evening of interesting and inspirational entertainment.

Sunday Evening Conjoint Programs

WE are very happy that in a number of wards the Gleaner girls are occasionally invited to prepare the program for the Sunday evening joint meetings and that they are using as their theme the project "Gathering Treasures of Truth." The following

wards gave the program on March 5th:

In Wilford Ward, Grant Stake, the Sunday evening program was given from the Ward "Treasures of Truth" book. A large book representing the title pages of the ward book was displayed as the various selections were given. Thirty girls participated in the exercises. The program planned and executed by a committee of the Gleaner girls was characterized by earnestness, sincerity and dignity. The outstanding features of the evening were the beautiful tributes paid to Gleaner leaders, both past and present, the testimonies given by the girls, interesting excerpts from the ward history and musical numbers consisting of choruses and a trio.

The Thirty-first Ward, Liberty Stake, presented a "Treasures of Truth" program for the conjoint meeting. Following the title pages as given in the Gleaner Manual, Gleaner girls gave incidents and stories from their books. The Gleaner chorus rendered several numbers. The Gleaner leader of this ward is doing some excellent work with not only her Gleaner girls in the preparation of their books but she is also interesting their Mothers, who are giving hearty support to the project.

The value and beauty of Gleaner work was demonstrated very effectively in the program given in Highland Park Ward, Grant Stake. The Gleaner girls presented the Sunday Evening Conjoint program in a very pleasing and impressive manner. Thirty Gleaner girls participated. The poise and dignity with which each girl delivered her particular part gave evidence of what Gleaner work is doing for the girls. Noted characters of the Book of Mormon and the work which they accomplished was portrayed and selections from the girls' "Treasures of Truth" books were given. Pipe organ music and a duet were enjoyed. As a fitting conclusion and in keeping with the beautiful spirit present, the President of the Stake followed with a brief address giving words of encouragement and admonition to the girls. A sweet, calm spirit seemed to pervade the entire meeting and there was manifested by the girls joy in their work and that happiness which comes through participation in Church activities.

Project

THE Project "Gathering Treasures of Truth" will continue next year. We are therefore very anxious that Gleaner leaders continue with your groups, as you no doubt have prepared your books and have the spirit and vision of your responsibility.



Oquirrh Stake M Men-Gleaner Banquet



Gleaner Banquet, Ensign Stake

May Program

FOR suggestions and helps regarding the Manual program for May, please consult the April *Era*.

June Convention Meeting

WE are looking forward with much interest to the Gleaner Department meeting to be held during June Convention. We hope many stake and ward Gleaner leaders will be able to attend our meeting. As we are planning lessons in First Aid as an optional project course, we are expecting to give help on this subject during the convention. An evening with "Treasures of Truth" with a display of Gleaner Girls' Stake, Ward, and Church books will be a most interesting feature of our department.

Summer Work

MANY groups made splendid progress with the Project during the past two summers. Vacation time not only affords greater opportunity to obtain data, pictures, as well as incidents and stories for the books, but many girls can give additional attention to the project during this season. We desire Gleaner groups to meet together during the summer in connection with the preparation of the books.

Ensign Stake Gleaner Banquet

THE Ensign Stake Gleaner leaders and girls were very energetic in helping finance their Gleaner Banquet this year. In December, last, through their efforts, they were awarded the second prize of \$150.00 in the Utah Manufacturers' label contest. This money was divided evenly between the eight wards of the stake. The girls have also sold candy, punch, popcorn and cakes; have conducted rummage sales, dances and vaudevilles. Old gold has been collected and sold also. Because of their work throughout the year, they were able to pay the major portion towards every girl's plate and

thus the banquet was not a hardship on anyone.

On Saturday evening, March 4th, the Hotel Utah ballroom was transformed into a veritable Deep, Deep Sea of Gleaning.

Was it a fishy idea, or was it a fishy idea?

In the past years our gleaning has taken us into all parts of the globe, and this year we found ourselves in the deep, deep Sea of Gleaning.

The tables were attractively adorned with dainty miniature rock garden centerpieces. The place cards were hand decorated goldfishes attached to shells filled with nuts.

The stage was a realistic representation of an oceanic landscape as seen through a blue mist, a huge octopus spreading his arms out upon his cushion of seaweeds, and other animals—starfishes, sea-urchins, crabs, and the like—being grouped about the entrance of a deep, dark cave, while long streamers of seaweeds, and other marine plants, variously hued, moved with passing currents.

Upon the green and flowering shore of our "Sea" sat the toastmistress in the regalia of a fisherman, with the conventional overalls, feathered straw hat, and fishing pole. She took us back upon a trip from which she had just come, along the Primary streams, past the Nymphs and other Bee-fish to the Junior lake, and hence to the Deep Sea of Gleaning. At this point the Sea murmured her story. The passing currents whispered her message. Lo! the inhabitant of this Sea proved to be a Gleaner who cleverly recounted to us her experiences in her abode.

As the day drew to a close, the lights faded from shades of orchid and red to a deep blue. Around the "Sea" panels of gay colored fishes loomed up in a background of blue. The call of the Sea came to us in the song "My Lover is a Fisherman." After this from the dark cave appeared a shimmering dancing mermaid.

Only too quickly did the lights flash on; once more we were just ourselves and not true inhabitants of the Sea.

In spite of the fact that the banquet

was rather in a light vein the main theme was the quotation, "And Jesus saith unto them, Follow me and I will make you fishers of men."

Typical of the atmosphere of the program are the following excerpts from a toast given by Betsy Reynolds, a ward Gleaner President:

In the high tide of Youth's leisure,
In the shining big Sea waters,
Swam the Sucker, called "No-Gleaner",
Daughter not of good M. I. A.
Swiftly past her rushed the currents,
Currents strong of high ambition,
Should she follow them, she wondered,
Why not drift in calm contentment?

Then the jelly-fishes hailed her,
Jelly fishes with no back-bone.
There, too, loomed the whale before her,
Monster of too great indulgence;
Thief of time, the shark did greet her;
To procrastinate, he urged her;
Then the eel, kin of the serpent,
Tried to lure her to temptation
Said the ghostly voice of Neptune:
"M. I. A., my little Sucklet."

Who is that that next assails her?
Non-Activity, called oyster;
Then the clam, called Non-Expression
Said 'twere easier just to listen.
"M. I. A." now sang the wavelets,
"M. I. A." now said the waters.
Then a ray of light beheld she,
Saw truth's lighthouse shining brightly,
Turned then from the quiet waters,
Darted upward to the lighthouse.
Guided by directing currents
Saw the starfish of the ocean.

So, from all the schools of starfish,
Gained she then much good and knowledge.
Learned enrichment of the hours.
* * *

Thus we go on ever busy,
And the sea is moving, moving.
And we fish you call the Gleaners
We are in the swim; we're happy!

Salt Lake Stake Gleaner Banquet

THE third annual banquet of the Salt Lake Stake Gleaners was one of the truly colorful events in the history of the Stake. The theme was "Treasure Island" and was carried out in all details. The entrance to the banquet hall was decorated with black crepe paper drapes, and above the door was a skull and cross bones. A plank was placed through the doorway to represent the gang plank, with ropes on either side leading to the door. The long banquet tables were adorned with pirate ships and treasure chests, and small dolls were dressed to represent pirate girls, sitting on bags of gold, which held the favors. A delightful program was presented, consisting of pirate songs, and toasts given by pirate girls from the Treasure Island ship. In response to the last toast, the lights were flashed out, and a spot light was focused on the large treasure chest at the head table. Two pirate girls raised the lid as the "treasure"—a modern Gleaner (Continued on page 440)

Vanguards

June Conference Events

THE Vanguards will shine as never before at the coming June Conference of the M. I. A. to be held in Salt Lake City, June 9, 10 and 11. In addition to regular conference features, the department sessions for Vanguard commissioners, leaders and committee men, there will be the two all-church grand finals—Archery and Retold Story.

The Archery finals are scheduled for Friday afternoon, June 9, on the L. D. S. campus and at the State Capitol. The first events will be called at 1 p. m. This will be the target shoot for Vanguards and Leader teams and for high-point individuals and Leaders. The entries for Vanguards will be on the same basis as last year, a four-man team for the target shoot and individual entries for high point, clout and flight. Official Vanguard sweaters in the new design, adopted last year, will be awarded each member of the winning team and individual winners in the target, clout and flight.

Vanguard Leaders enter the contest on a new basis this year, the same as for Vanguards. A team of four Leaders, who must all come from the same stake and individual entries for high point, clout and flight. Official sweaters will be awarded the winning team of leaders and individual winners in each of the three other contests—high point, clout and flight. All awards will be made during the conference.

Special features to add interest to the Archery finals are now being planned. The spirit of the Olympic Games is to be developed as far as practicable and innovations will make the occasion memorable.

All teams and individual contestants will be the winners selected in Ward, District and Council finals in the Boy Scout areas with Scout Executives directing the local competitions. Vanguards and Leaders who live near enough to Salt Lake to be able to attend conveniently are urged to witness the finals. There will be no charge to the campus to witness the shoots.

All Vanguard troops are invited to bring or send in any handicraft, gadgets, etc., for display during the Conference.

The Retold Story finals will be held this year in the Vanguard Leaders department on Saturday morning, June 10 at a place to be announced later. Indications are that this activity has become more popular this year than ever before and that keen competition will bring forward some worthy efforts.

Kanab Praises Archery

SCOUT Executive A. A. Anderson, of the Timpanogos Council, with headquarters at Provo, passes on to

the Vanguard committee the following letter, which explains itself:

Dear Chief Anderson: Please send me 100 arrow shafts and 50 arrow points for the enclosed check. Archery is adding more interest and bringing more of the older boys into the troop than anything we have tried yet.

Odell Juelander, Kanab, Utah.

West Bountiful Sets Record

TWENTY-FOUR young men of Vanguard age in the ward, twenty-four registered Vanguards, twenty-four earning merit badge awards at the March Court of Honor and twenty-two present at the court is the record set by the West Bountiful Ward in South Davis District of Salt Lake Council. Total merit badges for the month equalled one and a half for every member of the troop. Exceptional leadership, willing young men and full cooperation from Stake and Ward officers have made this possible.

South Davis district has a registered Vanguard troop in every ward in the district where there are enough boys. In small wards the boys register with the younger Scouts but participate in Vanguard activities.

Vanguard Courts of Honor

VANGUARD Courts of Honor separate from those planned for younger Scouts are being set up in many of the districts throughout the Church. The success attending them indicates that in this, as in other phases of Scouting, the older boys prefer an activity carried on within their own age group.

Copies of the ceremonials and initiation programs developed by the Teton Peaks and Cache Valley Councils have been published and samples supplied to all Scout Executives. A few copies are still available and will be sent to

Vanguard commissioners or Leaders on request.

Cottonwood and Ensign Districts in the Salt Lake Council have recently developed Court of Honor Programs on a district basis. The Cottonwood ceremony is entirely original and is based on the Vanguard traditions as outlined in "The Log of the Vanguard Trail." The Ensign initiation is a happy combination of those of the Teton Peaks and Cache Valley Council programs with original features added. The South Davis Court follows the procedure of the standard Scout Court of Honor.

Considerable originality is shown in Grant district in the Salt Lake Council, one of the first to hold a separate Vanguard Court. It follows somewhat the Scout court procedure but all participants are in Indian costume. The movement for separate courts, especially in larger centers, is growing and is apparently finding favor with the Vanguards.

Vanguard Log For 1933-1934

ALL new features of the Vanguard program with six new subjects in the merit badge field will be published in "Log of the Vanguard Trail No. 3," to be ready for distribution at June Conference. Slight changes in the Vanball rules and other new material will be included.

Marking Historic Places

A PERMANENT project of the Vanguards is the marking of historic trails and landmarks. Much of this work is done during the summer months. Under present conditions elaborate monuments should not be undertaken but a start can be made even though it be merely establishing the exact historic location and placing a temporary marker. If a permanent marker can be placed so much the better but every troop or district can make a start and do something to develop interest in this important project.



The San Francisco Beach Photo Waunetta Peterson

Bee-Hive Girls

The Honey Bee*

By DON M. REES
Instructor, Zoology Department,
University of Utah

PROBABLY no other animal could represent the activities of this wonderful organization (Bee-Hive Girls) so well as that efficient insect—the honey bee. The importance of such a statement can only partly be realized when we consider that there are approximately one million described species of animals in the world, and more than half of all these animals are true insects. The honey bee is one of this large group of insects. Many insects are decidedly injurious to man, in carrying diseases of man and animal, and in destroying stored products and growing crops. It is estimated that one-tenth of all the crops grown in the United States are annually destroyed by insects. Many insects, however, are beneficial; in fact, we are dependent on insects for the fertilization of some plants, for silk, some dyes, and shellac; and from our friend the bee we obtain beeswax and honey. The honey bee, perhaps, is directly the most beneficial insect to man. It also shares another distinction with the silkworm, as the only insects that have been domesticated by man.

When we speak of bees, though there are many different kinds, we generally refer to the honey bee. This is because of man's long, intimate and pleasant association with this little industrious worker. Man's natural craving for sweets brought about his association with bees, as honey, until quite recently, was the only obtainable substance containing sugar in concentrated form. It is not surprising, then, that man's interest in the honey bee dates back to prehistoric times. Probably man at first was like the bears, a systematic robber of wild bees' nests, later becoming an apiarist by inducing the bees to live near his dwelling in hollow logs, empty containers or earthen vessels. Savage tribes keep bees by similar methods today. In fact, within their geographic range bees have been kept by all races of people as far back as we have any written record of man. The honey bee is found inscribed on Egyptian possessions as early as 3500 B.C. We even know the price of strained honey under some of the Pharaohs. It was about five cents a quart.

Beekeeping has always stimulated the wonder and admiration of man. Primitive observers concluded that the bee was a superior creature because it lived in societies like men, but with its social relationships more harmonious than his. Its tireless industry, rapid flight, love of flowers, avoidance of

*Address delivered at June Conference, 1932.

unclean things, the attachment of the workers to the queen (regarded until recently as the king), its ability to produce wax and honey, two substances of great value to man—these and many other desirable characteristics caused the bee to be regarded as a divine being. Some maintained that the honey bee was a survivor of the mythical golden age; others believed that the bee had voluntarily escaped from the Garden of Eden and had been allowed, by God, to remain to sweeten man's bitter lot on earth.

The honey bee came, in the course of time, to symbolize all of the virtues. It was considered the perfect monarch and the perfect subject, constituting a perfect state; to exemplify industry, thrift, courage, self-sacrifice, affection, purity, chastity — in fact every virtue except hospitality; and, to primitive tribal people struggling to maintain national integrity, the fact that bees would not tolerate the society of bees from another colony was considered a virtue.

Many myths and superstitions were later attached to the bee. It was supposed to have played its part in the lives of all the more important Egyptian, Greek and Roman deities. Later, Christians showed their appreciation of the bee by assigning it to the patronage of the Virgin. By some it was even called the main servant of the Lord. On the other hand the lowly house fly was given the patronage of Beelzebub.

The honey bee appears on the crown of the Pharaohs as the symbol of lower Egypt. It appears on the arms of the Pope, on the coat of arms of Charlemagne, and on the state robes of Napoleon I. It is also affirmed by many that the fleur-de-lis of France is really conventionalized bees, rather than lilies. The bee still appears in modern times among many different peoples in numerous organizations to symbolize the virtues man strives to achieve. The bee-hive is the symbol of our state and the honey bee and its

activities the pattern for this girls' organization. We have an advantage over former generations because we know more truths about the bees and their habits, and in nature truth is always more beneficial than the imaginings of fertile minds.

Entomologists classify bees into about 10,000 different described species. There are probably 2,000 different species found in North America. The greater majority of bees are solitary, only about 500 species, or less than 5 per cent, being social. The social bees belong to 5 genera: *Trigona*, *Melipona*, *Bombus*, *Psithyrus* and *Apis*.

Trigona and *Melipona* are the stingless bees principally confined to warm countries. These forms lack the stinging apparatus usually associated with bees. In other respects they are similar except that they possess fewer body hairs and are often smaller in size. The genus *Bombus* or *Bremus* constitutes the bumble bees. *Psithyrus* includes the parasitic bees that do not build nests for themselves, but gain admission into the nests of their more industrious neighbors, where they and their young live at the expense of their hosts. The honey bees belong to the genus *Apis* and compose four species: *dorsata*, *florea*, *indica* and *mellifica*, the common honey bee of our apriaries.

Bees may be regarded as a specialized group of wasps that have become strictly vegetarians and feed only on the pollen and nectar of flowers. This modification of bees with flowers has modified the organs and habits of the bees, and, botanists believe, that many flowers have been modified in structure, color and perfume in adaptation to the bees whose visits insure cross-pollination. The more primitive bees that visit flowers with exposed nectaries have short tongues, used in lapping or sucking up the nectar, while more specialized species that visit flowers with nectaries concealed in long tubes have greatly elongated tongues, some tropical species having tongues longer than the body. Some kinds of bees confine their attention to the flowers of a very few plants or even to a single plant, these being known as oligotropic. Others, like the honey bee and bumble bee, are called polytropic because they visit all kinds of flowers and plants.

The honey bee is perhaps of South Asiatic origin. *Apis, dorsata*, *florea* and *indica* are confined to the Indomalayan region. *Mellifica*, the true honey bee, is now cosmopolitan, but perhaps originated in the same region. The spread of the honey bee throughout the world is evidently due to its extraordinary ability to adapt itself to all kinds of flowering plants, to provide for extreme ranges of temperature, and to its habit of storing large quantities of food to last through unfavorable periods. (To be continued)



Bee-Hive Swarm
(No name was on picture. Write and tell the Era which Swarm it is)

Boy Scouts

Scooting is the Playway of learning.

It is learning by doing.
Make Scouting a game.

HERE are some interesting Scout games:

Two Tenderfoot Games

I. Oath and Law.

Materials: Some old newspapers.

Tear newspapers into pieces about $\frac{1}{4}$ front page size. Pass to each patrol leader, preferably at Troop officers' meeting, enough pieces of newspaper so that he can give to each member of his patrol one piece.

The assignment is to read the piece of newspaper and find at least one thought pertaining to the Scout Oath or law and be ready to report the interpretation at the troop meeting.

At the troop meeting the Scoutmaster calls on patrols in turn for a report. The number of these will be determined by time available and interest.

After the reports are made see which patrol can find something on their paper concerning cheerful—or clean, etc. This makes a 2nd use for the papers.

II. Can You Draw It.

Materials: Paper and pencils—1 American Flag.

Hand each participant a blank piece of paper. Ask them to draw the American Flag.

After about 5 minutes display a flag and then have each patrol leader check his patrol to determine the number correct if any.

Things to watch are the number of red and white stripes both short and long and the fly and hoist (length and width.) Note: the width of the stripe determines the size of the flag. See Patrol leader handbook, page 129.

Two Second Class Games

I. Find the Compass Direction.

On an imaginary circle place 16 chairs or objects to represent the 16 points of the compass with one identified as north. Have the patrols in groups around outside of the circle. The leader in the center points to a patrol, calls a compass direction and counts to 5. If one member of the patrol has reached the correct spot on the circle the next patrol is pointed to and another direction called. If on the 1st direction called the first patrol failed the leader points to the second patrol and starts to count 5 again. If this patrol fails the leader points to the third patrol and so on until one patrol reaches the required place before the leader counts 5. Each patrol

should have a definite turn to make it equal. This continued until all the directions have been called. The patrol wins which has reached the most compass direction spots on the circle in the required time. Small patrols can place some identification mark on a spot after they have claimed it to release scouts for their next turn.

II. Burn the Match.

Materials: Box of matches.

Lighting a fire especially with damp wood requires ability to make a match burn as long as possible.

Give each patrol leader enough matches to give each patrol member one. Each patrol leader conducts a contest in his patrol to see who can make the match burn the longest. When patrol champions are selected they come together and determine the troop champion. This contest can be the "champ nit" style if desired. An interesting outside activity in connection with this contest is after patrol champions are selected give each a match and at the word "go" each champion strikes his match and other patrol members rush for wood from which they whittle shavings and light a fire from the match struck by the patrol champion at the signal "Go." First patrol to build a fire wins.

Observation Game

Noises in the Jungle.

The game leader takes up his position behind a screen or partition. (If



Photo Ethel M. Sorensen
His First Catch

this is not possible the players are blindfolded).

Various noises are heard by the players who report by patrols to the game leader afterwards as to what the noises were and the order in which they occurred.

The most correct report wins.

Suitable noises might be: Drawing a cork—dropping a pin—pouring out liquid—sharpening a pencil—dropping a book—brushing a boot—moving a chair—dropping a rubber—tearing a sheet of paper—signaling with Morse flag—striking a match—rubbing the hands together—winding a watch—clicking two pennies together.

Before each noise a warning call of "right" should be given.

The Pine

Emblem of Troop 24

By ADRIAN GODFREY

CLEAN, straight, strong, stalwart,
Always looking upward into the eyes
of God.

Roots always striving pushing downward
Into our native mountain sod.
Growing taller always striving.
Reaching upward toward the sky
Honest, trusty, never cheating.
Never playing "On the sly."

Always loyal to its maker,
Always trying to do its best,
Helping nature's furry people,
Helping birds to build their nest.

Trusty, loyal, helpful, friendly,
Kind to the wild of field and forest,
Cheerful looking—thrifty growing,
Brave, clean—reverent to the Lord.

From One Scoutmaster to Another

By LEONARD G. FOX

S. M. Troop 68, Salt Lake City, Utah

READ these interesting statements sent in by Scoutmaster L. G. Fox; of troop 68, Salt Lake Council.

If you have had similar experiences send them to the *Era* for publication—

Back in 1921, soon after I first entered Scouting and became Scoutmaster of Troop 5, Idaho Falls, Idaho, I was asked to select a boy to give a re-told story in one of the church assemblies. Immediately the names of several boys flashed into my mind, boys who could do it and do it creditably, because they had sufficient self-confidence to do such things. I was about to select one of these boys when it occurred to me that perhaps I was not fair to the others. The least I could do was to give somebody else a chance, and if he declined he would have no room to criticize.

I decided to ask a boy who, besides being timid, had a hesitancy of speech which in itself would be sufficient reason for him to decline the call. I fully expected he would not be willing to stand before the congregation and

tell a story. "But," I thought, "he will not be able to say that he did not have a chance."

So I approached him about the matter. His reply has been, and ever will be, one of the greatest lessons of my life. He looked at me—hesitated—looked down at the floor. I thought he was searching for words properly to express his desire to be excused, and I was about to say something to enable him to decline. Then he straightened up, looked at me squarely, and said firmly, "Yes! A Scout never says no!" And I may add, he told the story, and I was proud of the showing he made.

The following incident was told me recently by the man referred to therein, but desiring to get the story first hand I had a confidential chat with the boy. Besides being a good example of the influence of Scouting, this shows the need of careful checking with boys wherever money is involved.

Some years ago, a boy, now a Junior Assistant Scoutmaster and an Eagle Scout with 47 merit badges, sold some tickets for a Church function, collecting one dollar. Sickness prevented him from checking up on his ticket sales promptly. While the dollar was in his possession something came up which entailed a little expense, and as no one had said anything to him about checking up he used the money.

He is a very high type of boy, and I believe him when he says he never did deliberately intend to refrain from paying the money, but merely neglected to do so. Whenever he found himself in possession of any money he thought of his debt, but as it had been easily put off, and as there were other things which he desired to have or to do, he repeatedly neglected reporting.

This went on for nearly four years, everyone apparently having forgotten all about it—except the boy. Then as it neared the time for him to receive his Eagle badge he was more troubled within himself than ever, and he determined that everything—especially that debt—must be cleared up before he stood up to receive that award.

One day his father handed him a dollar because he had worked so diligently in the garden and about the place. The boy resolved immediately to discharge his obligation, and went at once to the home of the man who had had charge of the ticket sales several years before, where he unb burdened his conscience and paid the dollar.

In my conversation with him he properly gave credit to his parents for having instilled within him the desire to be honest, but he also gave credit to Scouting as being the influence which enabled him to gather sufficient courage and determination to go and clear the matter. "I have never experienced such a wonderful feeling as I had after I had done that," he said to me. "It felt like a ton of lead had been lifted off from me."

A member of the Troop Committee of my Troop recently had a very interesting and significant experience. I requested him to write the account, which, with his permission, I give you below.

"Some weeks ago I went into a store to purchase a hat. After I had selected one I liked, and asked the price, I found I did not have enough money to pay for it, so I decided not to buy it. The salesman, who was a stranger to me, said, 'You take the hat and pay what you have, and I'll lend you the rest.' I did not like to have him do that, and told him that when I went out of the door he would say to himself, 'Well, there goes my money.' I was surely surprised when he said, 'As long as you wear that badge you have on your coat I will not be afraid to trust you.' I took the hat, and sent him the money the next day.

Now, the badge I had on my coat was the miniature Tenderfoot Badge that was issued at the time of the 21st anniversary of Scouting in America, which badge I have worn ever since.

—Thomas W. Winter,
Committee man, Troop 68,
Salt Lake Council, B. S. A."

On Top of the World

I YAWNED, stretched and started to roll over, but I didn't finish.



Indian Legend of Crater Lake

In the heart of Mount Mazama, one of the highest mountains in Southern Oregon, lies Crater Lake like a bright jewel. A legend is told to us from the Indian tribes of Southern Oregon.

Once, the legend runs, two gods who lived in the lake with their imps fought for its possession.

On the brink of the lake they fought while their imps awaited the result of the battle in the blue waters below.

Skell overcame and killed god Llos and threw his limbs into the lake. Llos's imps thought he was Skell, their enemy devoured Skell, but when the head was thrown into the lake they knew it was their own god they had devoured and the head became a volcano in the midst of the lake.

Something like an electric shock passed through me. I found myself upright, grappling fiercely with a pair of khaki breeches. I looked around me. In a split second the eight other occupants of our tent had sprung from oblivion into intense, vital life. We looked at each other and even as we did the silvery notes of a bugle floated in upon the wings of the cool grey dawn.

Into our clothes, beds made, to the stream to wash—with the rapidity of lightning—the famed *Atalanta* couldn't have beaten us to the breakfast table. Our hopes soared high on this eventful day; mine, in fact, were perched upon the flag pole that adorns the crest of the mighty *Timpanogos*, urging, calling, beckoning me onward, upward.

Just as old "Tommy Ticker" said five o'clock, one could have seen a quarter of a mile of surging boyhood treading upon each other's heels as they passed the Alpine Summer School. The boy-power urged us onward—the man-power led us back, for true to our trust, we passed no one, but held our places.

As we stood on the pebble strewn shore of Emerald Lake, we were thrilled with the grandeur that loomed everywhere. A sense of bewilderment overspread us as we beheld the pines below us, so mighty when we passed them, now made tiny by the infinite grandeur that surrounded them. I, at least, stood spellbound as I beheld the snowdrifts which flecked the mountains as far as the eye could reach. Then as I scanned the perpendicular wall of the mighty sentinel of the mountains which towered in all its unconquerable majesty above me, the glacier, and everything around us, my feelings were indescribable.

Reverie is short-lived, for even as I stood, overwhelmed by my surroundings, I heard the call to proceed.

"Here is the place to test yourselves, boys." It was A. A. Anderson and he knew what he was talking about. We struggled back and forth, across the glacier, each step vibrating to the urge within.

As I surmounted the little flat mass of rock that marks the summit of old "Tim" and saw below on one side the little dark green spot that was Emerald Lake and above it the famous glacier, beyond which a hundred peaks loomed in the blue grey haze, and below on the other the checkerboard where Utah County plays its game of life beyond which the silvery blue of Utah Lake faded away, I grasped the flag pole, bowed my head, and a silent prayer ascended.

"Great God of this mighty universe, I thank thee that I was given strength and endurance to be second in this race to the top. Bless me that in the race of life I may have the strength and endurance to do as much."

By Scout Herman Roper,
Vernal, Utah.

Report of Accomplishments for Feb., 1933

¶ Gleaner Girls

*Continued from
page 435*

er Girl—arose from within and gave a toast which set forth the beautiful ideals of the Gleaner Girls. A most beautiful spirit reigned throughout the entire affair, and the memory of this delightful evening should ever remain in the hearts of the girls. The M Men remembered the occasion by presenting the girls with a lovely basket of flowers, which was greatly appreciated by the Gleaners.

*M Men-Gleaner
Banquets* Continued
page

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page 434

The hall presented a lovely appearance, having been newly decorated in a color scheme of pale green and gold, the M. I. A. colors, which lent themselves perfectly to the Easter idea of the party. Flowers were on the tables, and at each place was a gilded egg shell in a nest of green straw, with tiny candy Easter eggs inside. A delicious banquet was served by the Junior girls of the stake.

The program was delightful, beginning with a welcome by the master of ceremonies and an introduction of the toastmaster. After the invocation, community singing was participated in by all. Several clever toasts were given—the M Men toasting the Gleaner Girls, with a response; and the Gleaners toasting the M Men.

The Alpine M Men Basketball team, champions of the Alpine and Provo divisions in the recent tournament, was presented with an appropriate banner, following which were musical numbers. A dance finished off a most pleasant evening, and much credit is due the committee of M Men and Gleaners who arranged the affair.

Index to Advertisers

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A Tall Dark Man

admirably over his huge, spare-bone frame, making him look steel-corded and immensely tall.

She need never feel embarrassed over Bill. He had even learned to keep his nails groomed and his fingers unstained out of the messy laboratories. She could remember, this time with only a little chuckle, those first desperate sessions when she had introduced Bill to the intricate manipulations of a nail file. He had rebelled and cursed a little, but given in to please her, and later come to like it secretly she knew. There were long evenings when she read aloud to him hour after hour, to the earnest see-saw accompaniment of his rasping nail file.

They had had only one tiny little room then, and almost no friends at all, and it was in these long first months of isolated intimacy that they had discovered to each other strange customs and observations about the outer world and its inhabitants, and had launched exciting pilgimages along the peopled paths.

After their marriage Bill had been made a graduate instructor at Woodland, and with the new contacts some of his self conscious taciturnity had softened. They had made a few friends among the more obscure college set, commenced to go out a little and to entertain in their turn.

The first real invitation "out" had been a fever of agony and delight. What if this should be the beginning of a real social career! What if people should like them, want to know them better, and take to just dropping in to see them! Fruit cake in the breadbox in case of unexpected company! Casual greetings on the street. "You must come to see us. Come soon!"

BESSIE had been transported by the dream, and tortured with black fears that they might do something inadvertently rude or stupid and be dismissed again as dull outsiders. Bill was not dull! But the way he acted, who could know as she knew how fine and dear he was?

She need not have worried. People appeared to like them both. Of course it was only a small gathering of the lower faculty group but they had all been most friendly and had asked Bessie to serve at the alumni banquet, and through half the night that followed she had trem-

bled so with sheer excitement that Bill had thought she had a chill and got up to close the window.

These darling firedogs must be packed and crated separately. Must have a place with an open fire, no matter what else. That should not be hard to find. Marquard was one of the older cities. "A sort of romantic old burg," Bill had written, "with spots you'll love to prowl into the history of."

Nice to have a husband write letters like that. She had not known Bill could write such satisfying letters. Most people let you down in writing. Then she realized that these were the first letters Bill had ever written to her. In all their ten years, they had never been separated before, even over night. Now he had been gone nearly a week, and it seemed an eternity. Each morning she could be as thrilled as a school girl over waiting for his letter.

It was time now for the postman. And there he was, and there was the big square envelope and Bill's inscription that was all black angles.

"You mustn't fail to be here for Friday night. It's the grand annual get-acquainted ball, and quite an event. You'll meet a lot of people you'll enjoy. By the way, do you remember Maurice Rossiter? He's here * * *."

The words were there in Bill's letter! They caught at her. They seemed to dilate, curve by curve, like grotesque irises.

"Do you remember Maurice Rossiter? He's here on the English staff. Still the same good looking son-of-a-gun. Has the little Freshmen all a-twitter. He didn't remember me, of course, but he's been fine to me."

SHE did not know why she felt suddenly cold and a little sick, or why she folded up the letter as if she had finished reading it and thrust it deep into a stack of papers to be burned. When she finally framed the admission that the name of Maurice Rossiter had darkened all the day's bright mood she was furious.

It was unreasonable, absurd and small! She did not know the man, had scarcely ever known him! Those burning, worshiping dreams had been only a fantastic secret of her own bewildered adolescence.

"A tall, dark man," the fortune

teller had said. And the very next day, Maurice Rossiter had stopped and spoken to her!

Bessie had been new in Woodland then, and had not learned the bitter lesson that all the gaiety and romance and charmed adventure of college life were reserved for a baffling few whom she came later to associate somehow with sheer silk stockings and bright automobiles that streaked around campus corners, and incomprehensible secret laughter. She had been certain at first that her two new dresses, the serge school dress and the "good" one of tan silk, were exciting and lovely—fitting raiment for the magic scenes ahead. She had been a pilgrim in Mecca, almost solemn in her exaltation over the imminent fulfilment of her heart's desire.

She had come at the invitation of a distant cousin who presided over a sort of cooperative house-keeping establishment for the more frugally endowed students, and who had offered her a means of earning her tuition and expenses there. She had already envisioned, with stars in her eyes, the merry evenings after the work was done, with all the gay people pulling taffy in the kitchen or mapping bonfire parties in the frosty autumn and bobsleigh parties after the snows came. It had seemed certain that the mere presence of many young people about her would imply a central place for her within their ranks.

Oh, it had been a cruel lesson, to be learned so slowly and so painfully! Too slowly, for the mornings in the new room used to bring their treacherous hopes back with the sunrise; and with her pillow not yet dry from last night's tears she would stumble forth again to the pitiful call.

BILL'S friendship had been a solacing dark caress.

But she had not dreamed then that it would always be Bill. The fortune teller had told her, when she might have faltered a little, that the prince was on his way even then; and she had blushed to the melting point when, the very next morning, Maurice Rossiter had come toward her smiling—and stopped!

"Hey, wait a sec. Aren't you the girl who made the candy for the Frosh Frolic? All those luscious lollipops! That divine divinity!"

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She was badly frightened, and dumb.

"Well, we want you on the bazaar committee. In fact, we can't do without you on the bazaar committee. In fact, if you refuse to be on the bazaar committee, we refuse to have a bazaar. What, my lass, is a bazaar without luscious divinity? Or without divine lollipops? Answer me that."

So this was the way they talked! She could only smile with lips uncertainly wavering although she was saying her prayers on the spot for words to answer him.

"Refreshment committee'll meet after chapel and tell you all about it." He turned away then.

"See you later," he said—the tall, dark man. And he did, hundreds of times after that, but never once stopped again to talk.

Once had been enough to make Bessie utterly his own. For the entire year's space he was her one experience as a real co-ed—sought after, talked to, teased a bit. He was college. He was romance. He was the dream that was not quite impossible.

Now, after ten years she was to see him again. It was idiotic to suppose that he would seem the same—that he would even seem different from the other men who were nice to her now as a matter of daily course. But—what if the old torments should waken again? What if again she should go rigid and sick in Bill's big arms—wishing—hating herself * * *.

Bill met her at the station in Marquard quietly, without demonstration, but with an air of mute thanksgiving that was comforting and sweet. Studying him, after the long week away, she thought he looked thinner, sharpened. He towered beside her.

"And those new clothes are absolutely right!" she told herself defiantly. "He looks as well as anybody else."

THE streets were narrow, meandering up and down little knolls as if they had been trailed at first by some aimless, dreamy person lost in thought. There were gracious brick houses with turret-shaped rooms, all windows.

"I should love to see the inside of those round rooms," cried Bessie.

"Wait till you see," said Bill.

There were wide lawns and pretty home-made gardens.

"Doomsday flowers!" Bessie cried, delighted.

"Winter primroses too," said Bill.

Bessie was radiant for the ball that night. The little fatigue from the train had summoned a luminous glow to her cheeks, a shadowy widening to her eyes. She had decided to pin up her shoulder-length hair in a new way and because she was not at all pretty but slim and vital and different, it made her look years younger, like one of those just growing up who were trying long hair for the first time.

Her dress was new, too, and the prettiest she had ever owned. She tried not to remember that after Bill's last letter she had sent back her first casual selection and spent a feverish afternoon that she could not spare in quest of something that was—perfect!

"Bill wants me to look nice. He's important now!" She had muttered it doggedly to her railing self. It had drummed a tattoo defense to her long morning spent with the hairdresser, the unaccustomed masseuse. "I can help him most now by practising a few extravagances in the right direction. I'll make him proud * * *."

But all the time she knew!

"You look sweet, Bet," Bill told her simply, just before they left. "I've—oh, I don't know—I've sort of dreamed of tonight, bringing you in with me. You'll surprise them. They'll wonder where I got you. You're a lady to make a man proud, honey." He was not laughing at all, but there was a wistful, tender smile lurking. "Come on."

"Bill—Bill—let's not go. Let's really surprise them! Let's show them that we'd rather stay home and talk than go to any old party there is."

"Krazy Kat! Beautiful! Hurry up and come on."

"Bill, I mean it. Let's stay home."

"We'll come home after. Can't miss this. Ready?"

"Kiss me, Bill. Will you?"

"Kiss you? Kiss you! Bet.

THEY had been in the great reception hall a full hour before Bessie saw Maurice.

It was one of those informal, introduce-yourself affairs where, after the first bewildering parade down the reception line, the eve-

ning resolved into group stunts and games with occasional tag-dances and old-fashioned grand-right-and-left sequences.

He was standing alone as she danced by in the arms of heaven-knew-his-name, but he danced well; and at first recognition and inventory were so instantaneously mingled that she could only wonder at their glances not meeting with a flash that blinded; and then he looked a little wearied and dull; and then that he had actually noticed her and was still watching.

Deliberately she laughed into her partner's eyes, sharing a last swift laughing gleam with Maurice who could still see her, dancing so perfectly in the perfect new dress.

There were the same broad shoulders, the same eyes and mouth and hair with its dark, crisp wave. It was Maurice, and only a little changed. A bit thicker somewhere. A bit thinner—in the hair perhaps, right in front. But handsome, still handsome! And his eyes had followed her.

There was a dance they called the Paul Jones waltz. In it there were frequent changes of partners, again in the grand-right-and-left, at the call of the master of ceremonies. This time Maurice was in the circle.

She thought, "This would be the time that would be fate—just happening, after seeing him back there, to be his partner all by chance!"

And she found that the play of chance is as ordinary as the weather. They were partners. After each changing measure of the music as she watched him moving on, moving on around the circle toward her, closer and closer, she knew more certainly that he would stop where she was and that she and Maurice were to dance together.

She looked up at him, her darkened pupils enormous.

He said, "Well, this is luck!" Then he said nothing for a minute and she waited for the inward turmoil that did not somehow come at once. What would his next words be?

The waltz began.

"Do you know how nice it is?" he asked very low, with that old trick she remembered of looking very grave and urgent as if this were a proposal of marriage, "to walk into a room, see the girl one'd most like to dance with, and find

it come true like a wishing ring?"

In a moment he said, "You're new here."

"Today."

THEN Monday morning, at eight-forty-five, you must register for my class in English One! For if you don't, I won't have a class. I've decided that. Is it a promise?"

He did not recognize her, did not know who she was!

She waited. She could think of twenty answers and discarded them all. Yet she wanted to talk and get it over with. Here he was, dancing with her and giving her every opportunity. But, with a slow analysis that came unwelcomed, she felt this to be a trivial and unworthy way for him to talk to her, to any stranger. A casual and obvious flirtation. And he thought she was a new student! Laughable.

She looked squarely up at him. His arm tightened just perceptibly. She hated him. Oh well, talk and get it over with.

"I'm afraid there won't be room for me in that class," she suggested. "New as I am, I've learned already that Professor Maurice Rossiter is the one being who hypnotizes people who never could endure English until they have a positive passion for it. According to legend, a front-row seat in his class is equivalent to a court presentation." She said it well. It twinkled.

"Not any more," he spoke seriously for a little space. "You've been listening to tales out of the past. There's a new king on the throne now, and he's captured all my subjects. You'll find out—he'll get you, too."

"Is he so devastating? I'm—very hard to—get."

"Devastating? Yes, in the modern manner. Quite aloof, you know, and mysterious." Almost as if he were jealous, Maurice seemed to enjoy this recital. "He is Intellect with the big I. Spends most of his time trying to get away from the worshiping pack, just as he is doing right at this moment. See him?"

"Where? Which one? I don't see anyone so remarkable."

"Oh, but you must. Over there in the corner. That tall, dark man you see."

Over all the shoulders, searching with his deep, eager eyes, Bill—tall and dark—had found her and was smiling at her.

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¶ The Catalogue Mother

Continued from
page 399

"It's a mile and a half home and if it isn't too much bother we'd like to ride," Nancy told her.

"How a smile lit up that dark little face," Jean thought as the child started away.

"I'll watch for my brother Hughie, and we'll wait for you," Nancy called over her shoulder.

When school was finally over Jean found three eager little figures watching for her at the gate. She bundled them all into the front seat of the old Ford and they were off.

"It's nice to ride home," Nancy told her blissfully. Mary Ellen on her sister's lap gave an excited wiggle and Hughie, the third member of the little trio grinned engagingly.

"The only thing I like walking home for is so you can slush in the puddles," he volunteered.

"Here we are," said Nancy with a little sigh of regret as they stopped in front of a weatherbeaten, old farmhouse. "It didn't take long. Oh!" To the others' surprise she deposited Mary Ellen unceremoniously upon the seat of the car and bounded into the house.

"Maybe the kitchen's on fire," said Hughie speculatively. "Guess we'd better go in."

NANCY met them at the door. "The bread's all over the floor," she wailed. "Mrs. Bowen's daughter-in-law had twins this morning, and I guess she forgot all about the bread. She said if it had just been one baby she'd have stayed with us; but being two, she'd have to go and give that girl a piece of her mind."

"I'll mix what's left in the pan," said Jean comfortingly as she took off her coat. "Hughie, you make a fire, will you please? Mary Ellen mustn't get too cold."

In a few moments the fire was crackling merrily. As Jean mixed and moulded the heavy dough she thought that never had she seen a house that looked so forlorn and neglected as this one. Oblong bits of late sunshine streaked through the dirty windows and danced upon the mud-tracked linoleum. The sink was overloaded with unwashed dishes from many meals; and one lone early spring fly buzzed about the spot of jam upon the window sill.

"Goodness, look at the dishes," said Nancy in disgust. "It's a good thing Daddy went to town for a new housekeeper. All Mrs. Bowen did was sit with her feet in the oven and read love story magazines. I'm starving, Hughie, what'll we have for supper?"

"Tomato soup," said Ellen's hoarse little voice.

"Ah, Nancy's tomato soup isn't any good," said Hughie, turning up his button of a nose. "It's always curdy."

"I can't ever remember whether to put the milk in the tomatoes or the tomatoes in the milk," the elder sister said with a laugh.

To her surprise Jean found herself saying, "I'll stay and make it for you. Mine usually turns out pretty good. Hughie, you phone and tell Julia where I am so that she won't worry."

Nancy and Hughie did the dishes, and in an hour Jean had the kitchen in shining order. After the early supper was over she made a fire in the children's bedroom and put Mary Ellen to bed while Nancy kept an eye on the baking bread.

The child's cold had grown steadily worse. She coughed continually, and the hoarse little voice filled Jean's heart with a vague fear.

"Will you call the doctor, Nancy?" she said, coming quietly into the little kitchen about nine o'clock. "Hughie, Mary Ellen wants the catalogue. Will you find it for her?"

"He isn't there," Nancy reported anxiously a moment later. "They don't know when he'll be home. Here's this bottle of ipecac and squills that Daddy uses for croup. I found it in the medicine chest. Daddy always heats a bucket of water too, and we make a tent out of a sheet and all get under it with Mary Ellen so she won't mind the steam."

"I don't want to have a tent," Mary Ellen protested. "I want to find a mother in the catalogue."

"She always chooses ladies in blue dresses for her mother," said Nancy with an indulgent, big sisterly laugh. "Last week she asked Daddy why we couldn't send for a mother in Sears-Roebuck like we do our shoes."

"Poor little motherless youngsters," thought Jean with a twist of pain at her heart. "They

needed a mother so badly. Then all unbidden came to her the memory of the voice of a few weeks ago, "they need a mother so badly, Jean;" and her answer, "I won't be second choice." How childish it sounded now in this stuffy bedroom, with a red-cheeked, coughing baby demanding instant attention; and the mother-hungry faces of the two elder children hovering near.

"I wish I could see him now," she thought. "After all, I've loved him for years so I'd surely love the children too. I just didn't understand."

"No, Mary Ellen," Nancy was saying, "you can't say your prayers now because we're going to steam you. Hughie and I will come under too."

"I won't be steamed," shouted the baby. A fit of coughing shook the thin little frame, and she lay back gasping upon the pillow.

"She's strangling!" Jean said wildly. "Here, Hughie, hold the ipecac bottle. Run for the hot water Nancy, quickly!"

MARY ELLEN'S little teeth clamped firmly down upon the spoon that Jean was forcing into her mouth. "Take it honey," Jean pleaded.

"Hold her nose," Hughie advised. "Daddy always does."

By hook, or by crook the ipecac went down, and the tented steam did its blessed work. At last Mary Ellen opened her blue eyes and began to cry.

"I want to say my prayers," she sobbed.

"Well, just bless Hughie and Daddy and the nice lady and me, and then you can go to sleep," Nancy told her.

"Don't forget Daddy," a deep voice said. With an excited cry Nancy and Hughie were clamoring over the big man by the door.

Jean looked up into a pair of deep grey eyes and—"Jim!" she gasped.

"Jean!" It was an answering cry.

"My goodness," cried Nancy, "love at first sight," for grade two's substitute teacher was laughing and crying on a blue serge shoulder.

"It's just like a story," Nancy told them radiantly, when all the hubbub was over.

Jean smiled ruefully. "The heroine in stories usually knows



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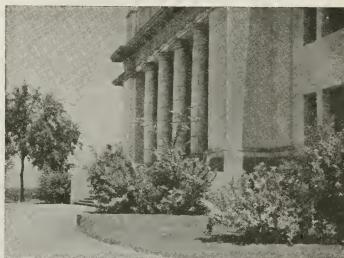
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her own mind," she said. "I was running away from love; and then, like the traveler who gets lost and goes round and round in a circle, I've returned to your arms again. Will you ever forgive me for being so foolish, Jim?"

"I was the fool," Jim Baker said. "I pleaded my need of you, the children's need of you, and neglected the paramount thing. I should have told you that I loved you," he ended simply.

"Ah, yes, but Jim, I've found it's so sweet to be needed," the girl said softly.

Nancy pushed Hughie ahead of her, and closed the bedroom door. They tiptoed into the kitchen. "It's past your bedtime," she said as she leaned down to pull off his mud caked boots.

"What did Daddy kiss the lady

for?" Hughie asked, leaning his tousled head against his sister's shoulder.

"She'll be our new mother, silly. Anybody with half an eye can see that those two have met before," Nancy told him importantly.

"You won't be allowed to stay up late any more," she said as she buttoned him into ragged sleepers that had once been white.

"Will she stop Mary Ellen from keeping us down on our knees while she blesses the cows and chickens and old Santa Claus?" Hughie asked sleepily. "Daddy let's her get away with anything."

"Things will be different around here," Nancy prophesied. "Oh, Hughie," the wistful little face of the eldest sister was radiant. "There'll be a mother in the house."

A Phase of Browning's Faith

Continued from
page 403

"The flesh I wear
The earth I tread are not more clear to me
Than my belief."

His darkest days came after the death of his wife, Elizabeth Barrett Browning. His grief was intense but unmanly.

He says in Rabbi Ben Ezra, and William Lyon Phelps feels that the reference is personal:

"But I need, now as then,
Thee, God, who mouldest men:
And since, not even while the whirl was
worst,
Did I—to the wheel of life
With shapes and colors rife,
Bound dizzy—mistake my end, to slake
thy thirst."

Though the days were dark he did not lose sight of the purpose of life which was to glorify his Father in Heaven. His faith that his wife was not dead, but that her spirit "panted through the blue" to aid and assist him is found in several of his poems to her, such as "Prosopic," "The Household," "A Wall," and "Lyric Love," the closing stanza of the first division of the "Ring and the Book."

With this belief in an eternal life and eternal progression is his belief in a personal God, and in the Mission of Jesus Christ. These ideas are given over and over again in his poems, and we therefore feel

we have a right to assume they were the poet's: Before he was twenty-one he wrote in "Pauline," his first published poem: "O God where do they tend these struggling aims?" and a little later, "And what is that I hunger for but God?"

In his longings he cried:

"My God, my God, let me for once look
on thee
As though naught else existed, we alone!
And as creation crumbles, my soul's
spark
Expands till I can say,—even from my
self
I need thee and I feel thee and I love thee.
I do not plead my rapture in thy work
For love of thee, nor that I feel as one
Who cannot die; but there is that in me
Which turns to thee, which loves or
should love."

EVIDENTLY the desire to look upon God, the two of them alone, came to Browning. In his poem, "Christmas Eve," published seven years later, which is considered one of his personal poems, he is describing his experiences one Christmas Eve. To escape the rain he had gone into a poor little church. He finally left it in disgust at the seeming ignorance of the worshipers. He came out into the night, and he describes the storm-clouded sky. But suddenly he says:

"All at once I looked up with terror.
He was there,
He himself with his human air,
On the narrow pathway, just before,
I saw the back of him, no more—
He had left the chapel then as I.
I forgot all about the sky.
No face: only the sight
Of a sweepy garment, vast and white.
With a hem that I could recognize
I felt terror, no surprise;
My mind filled with the cataract
At one bound of the mighty fact.
'I remember,' he did say.
Doubtless that, to the world's end,
Where two or three should meet and
pray,
He would be in the midst their friend;
Certainly he was there with them!"

The poet is humbled and begs
not to be cast off because of his
folly and pride that o'ercame his
heart. While he is thinking this,
suddenly "The whole face turned
on me full," he says. He falls
prone before the sacred presence,
and is then caught up in the hem
of the garment, for God disdains
not to slake his thirst "at the poorest
love that was ever offered."

Then follows further testimony
of what he had seen in the following
quotations:

'Earth breaks up, time drops away.
In flows heaven, with its new day
Of endless life, when He who trod.
Very man and very God
This earth in weakness, shame, and pain.
Dying the death whose signs remain
Up yonder on the accursed tree.—
Shall come again, no more to be
Of captivity the thrall,
But the one God, all in all,
King of kings, Lord of Lords.
As His servant John received the words.
'I died, and live forever more!'"

Have I been sure, this Christmas Eve,
God's own hand did the rainbow weave,
Whereby the truth from heaven slid
Into my soul? I cannot bid
The world admit he stopped to heal
My soul, as if in a thunder-peal
Where one heard noise, and one saw
flame.

I only know he named my name.

"For the Vision, that was true, I wished,
True as that heaven and earth exist."

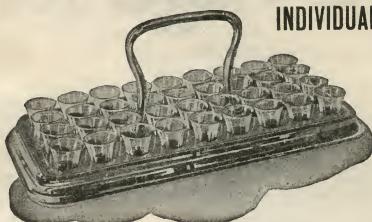
The world needs Browning's
message today. It followed Sir
Ernest Shackleton and his men into
the Antarctic. Shackleton carried
his beloved volume of Browning
poems with him and there is evidence
that it helped him and his
men on their ill-fated voyage, to
die bravely and with faith. They
might have said with Paracelsus:

"I go to prove my soul!
I see my way as birds their trackless way.
I shall arrive! what time, what circuit first,
I ask not: but unless God send his hail
Or blinding fire balls, sleet or stifling snow,
In sometime, his good time, I shall arrive!
He guides me and the bird. In his good
time."

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Your Page and Ours

OUR GEOGRAPHY WAS WRONG

Provo, Utah.

DEAR Editor: In glancing through the last number of the *Era* (March), I noticed that the title of the picture illustrating Mr. Rust's article is given as Three Patriarchs. This is not correct, as the Three Patriarchs are on the other side of the canyon.

The correct names for the peaks given in the picture are Mountain of the Sun, on the extreme left, and the other two are the Twin Brothers. Hoping this mistake may be corrected,

I am,

Yours truly,
Walter Buss.

We are sorry, that mistake was made in the *Era* office, not by Mr. Rust.

MR. PERIN'S LIKED OUR RED AND BLACK

Ogden, Utah.

PERMIT me to congratulate you on the excellence of the red and black cover page. It was one of the most effective pieces of art work I have seen, and I've a good mind to frame the cover.

G. P.

"BACKWARD, TURN BACKWARD, O TIME!"

ABOUT forty years ago *The Salt Lake Herald* offered a prize for the best eight line poem pertaining to Utah. William Clegg, a pioneer of Springville won the prize.

Here is the prize winner:

UTAH

A sovereign State evolving in the West;
A howling desert once, divinely blessed,
Whose streams, and breezes, carry life and health,
And whose bosom sleeps amazing wealth!
Whose Mountains, lakes and sunny valleys fair
With any clime on earth will well compare;
Where dwell a people loyal, brave and free,
Advancing to a glorious destiny.

A FRIEND WRITES FROM CANADA

Lethbridge, Alberta.

YOU have set a high standard for the magazine in the past few months both from the literary and pictorial point of view, and this will be a challenge to you for the New Year. Your cover designs are beautiful. Convey my congratulations to your staff artists.

My friend, Lowry Nelson, struck an authentic note in his "dip into the future." I have long felt very deeply that we have reached a stage in our development when the sectional, provincial outlook should be laid aside and the world viewpoint very definitely espoused. Are we not a world force, a church universal, the church of God? I am happy to note that the *Era* is giving voice to this broader and more liberal point of view.

Sincerely,
C. Frank Steele.

AN ARIZONIAN WRITES

Mesa, Arizona.

IT was a treat for me when I saw the picture—"Not Alone" —in the February *Era*. Then I read the letter of a heart to a heart pleading for a picture he could see but could not paint, and asking the Master of Men for guidance, I am sure the good Lord did not turn a deaf ear. And I am happy to say that a Mormon artist has raised, for he has put life in the oxen. The off ox has his foot raised high denoting speed, the nigh ox has ears tilted ahead listening for the herd. The woman's face shows courage and faith; the boy is at ease for mother is with him. * * * Both pictures are very good—pen and brush. How do I know? Because I am a judge of the oxen and yoke, for in my youth I drove him in dust and heat, ice and snow. * * * I am sure, dear *Era*, two artists have

arrived—one with pen and the other with brush.

From,

Bullwhacker.

P. S. Leisure Time by Jay B. Nash—every reader should read this and tribute to Hyrum, by Joseph Fielding Smith. * * * Just thought I'd tell you this before my heart puckered up—B. W.

P. S. for us also. B. W., the artist, is a woman.

LET'S CHAT ABOUT THIS NUMBER

WE hope all of our readers will like our "Apple Blossoms" cover. We want it to cause you all to forget the depression, the long winter, and everything disagreeable.—And then there is Aurelia Pyper's little bit of verse, page 413. She made the drawing, too. It is such fun to fence with words, but sometimes, on account of our fencing, we don't really know what each other is like, do we? Sometimes we make deep wounds that never, never heal entirely.—Dr. Widtsoe's article is one we've been after for a long time. He knows Europe very well, therefore, we can feel that what he says is worth listening to.—Think of climbing the Grand Teton! Professor Christenson has given us some idea of the difficulty of the trip, but there will be some this summer accepting the challenge of the grand old peak. Those who do attempt the climb should be prepared and should have with them an experienced mountain climber.—And there are the stories—"A Tall, Dark Man," delightfully written; "The Catalogue Mother," tender; "Old Sheep," a story reminiscent of our grandfathers and fathers; and "Forever or Never." Louise and John are not getting along very well, but then John is a bit impossible.

MORNING

(An Acrostic)

By L. E. FLACK

I love to watch the morning sun rise slowly o'er the hills;
Mists forming like a breath of steam, from valleys, plains, rills.
Pine forests on the mountain side—a lovely stretch of green,
Reflected in the dashing spray, an ever changing scene.
Oh, how I love an early morn when dew is crystal clear;
Vales filled with springtime loveliness, and summer nearly here.
Enchanting songs from tiny throats in all the cherry trees;
May bring the subtle beauty and the freshness of the breeze.
Each morn I love to take a stroll down some deserted way,
'N watch the miracle we call the dawning of the day!
To see the first lone sunbeam fall, a shaft of sparkling light;

Earth wakened from its slumber and the silence of the night;
Refreshed, a million diamonds flash on mountain, field and bay,
And, oh, I thrill to stand and watch the glory of the day!

MEET OUR POETS ON THE POETRY PAGE

We are not well acquainted personally with some of these interesting people, but we can tell where they live, or at least where they collect their mail.

Glen Groesbeck lives in Salt Lake City; Dorothy Buchanan resides in Richfield where lilacs in the rain are lovely in spring; S. S. Schnetzer gives his address as Redondo, California. We do not know him personally, but we liked his offering. LaRene King Bleeker lives in Ogden. Ruth Wright is a high school girl in Burley, Idaho. She also plays the piano unusually well; Cristel Hastings, Mill Valley, California, is a "regular," therefore, you know her from her articles and poetry, at least. Rosannah Cannon is also "one of ours." Her gentle fingering of emotions is unusually effective, we think. Her home is Salt Lake City.

↑ ↑ ↑

Will those sending photographs to us either to illustrate articles or for the departments, please put title of the picture and the name and address of the one to whom it is to be returned, if it is to be returned. Otherwise, we may make mistakes in titling them and we may destroy the picture after our cut is made. Mark photo "Please return," if we are to send it back.

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LECTURERS

Joseph A. Leighton, Professor of Philosophy, Ohio State University (5 lectures).
Henry Neumann, Leader, Brooklyn Society for Ethical Culture (5 lectures).

James A. Johnston, Professor of Business, University of Utah (10 conferences).
Louis C. Zucker, Assistant Professor of English, University of Utah (1 lecture).

VISITING STAFF

(Six weeks unless otherwise specified)

Sidor Belarsky, Professor of Music, Brigham Young University, and Leading Basso, Russian Grand Opera, New York.
Olga Carlson, National Instructor, National Girl Scouts Incorporated. (June 26-30).
Joseph E. Maddy, Professor of Music, University of Michigan. (June 12 to 18.)
L. John Nuttall, Jr., Superintendent of Schools, Salt Lake City.

Luella C. Pressey, Assistant Professor of Psychology, Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio.
Calvin S. Smith, Superintendent of Schools, Granite District, Salt Lake County.
Harold M. Stephens, formerly Judge, Third District Court, Utah. Recently post graduate student, Harvard Law School.

SCIENCE MEET

Summer School students will be welcome to attend free of charge the meetings of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, Pacific Division, in convention June 12-15 on the University campus. The country's leading scientific minds will discuss present developments in the ever-widening field of science.

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